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ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1922

Edited By
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Enid, Oklahoma
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THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1919. \$2.50
Contains 143 poems from 69 newspapers by 78
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1920. \$2.50
Contains 175 poems from 71 newspapers by 130
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1921. \$2.50
Contains 149 poems from 76 newspapers by 127
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1922. \$2.50
Contains 148 poems from 65 newspapers by 99
authors.

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INTRODUCTION

The year 1922 was rather dull for the American people, and conditions generally were not promising if we are to accept the output of newspaper verse as a barometer of national sentiment. Not only was there a noticeable falling off in the number of poems published in newspapers during the year, but there appeared a pessimistic undercurrent, and a disturbed condition generally.

There appeared to be many thought waves that intermingled and crossed one another as the voices of the poets arose from the different parts of the country. Their songs were not tuned to the same key and the result was a sort of discord.

Some years the output of newspaper verse is of a much higher order than it is in other years. At times some theme seems to reach the hearts of the people, and we hear them singing much the same song. At other times there appears no theme that appeals to the people as a whole.

This is well illustrated by comparison with the year 1921, when, from nearly every hamlet and from the very outposts of civilization, came songs about the burial of the Unknown Soldier; this year we have as our leading subject a theme as far removed from that of last year as night is from day.

Judging from two thousand or more poems read, it would seem that the Flapper was the most talked of subject in America. From the poems received we can readily define the habitat of the Flapper, which appears to be that part of our country lying north of the Ohio River, and west of the Mississippi, with the possible exception of the States of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. They have been reported on the east coast of Florida, in old Mexico, as far north as Winnepeg, and west as far as Honolulu.

It appears that there was a general moral revolt among the younger generation, who, we are led to believe, objected to the idea that it is wrong for young girls to smoke cigarettes and encourage petting-parties. In many instances we find the best poems coming from

those who defend the younger generation, and it is encouraging to know the great faith our people have in the rising generation.

We also learn from the newspaper poets that there was a subway accident in New York, and that Clemenceau visited our shores. However, it is very plain that our people do not think so kindly of France as they once did, and it is doubtful if the visit of the Tiger made a favorable impression on our people. Roosevelt's birthday was remembered by many poets. The west continued strong for miners, coyotes and rattlesnakes. While in the south they paid tributes of love to every beautiful object from the jassamine blossoms of Louisiana, to the beautiful women of Georgia. The climate must have been ideal throughout the country, as we hear the poets of every part of the land singing of the beauty of every season, of every month of the year, and of every bird from bluebirds to buzzards.

Frank P. Davis.

“THE YOUNGER GENERATION”—AGAIN.

It's always here, and it always knows
That IT is the final word,
The dangerous, different, vital thing,
As swift and free as a bird.

It scorns the shackles of bygone days,
Old phrases and meters and rhymes,
Its art is bold as its heart is cold
When it sneers at “the good old times.”

Its food is chosen and measured and weighed,
With sweets it is never cloyed,
Its morals belong to the modern school,
Its dreams are arranged by Freud!

It smiles at your pitiful old-style soul,
Your taste for Victorian verse,
Keats and Shelley are mere has-beens,
And Tennyson far, far worse!

Like a naughty flapper with ancient beaux,
Intent upon causing strife,
It's cool and clever and knows it knows
The trend and the end of Life!

But when it's lonesome or strangely sad,
And sick of the sins it knows,
It creeps to your side by the leaping fire
As the back log crackles and glows;

It grips your hand, and its eyes are wet,
It wants you to fuss with its hair,
And it says in that would-be flippant tone,
“By heck, but I'm glad you're here!”

And if you sit, and rumple, and wait,
It comes clean out of its shell,
And tells its story, since “you understand”
Heartache and Heaven and Hell!

And, oh, its face is wistful and sad,
Its dream and its love are sweet,
As here by the fire, Youth, one by one,
Its secrets lays at your feet. . . .

The New York Times. *Elizabeth Newport Hepburn.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLAPPERS.

Who says that a flapper's a bold, bad girl?

I tell you it's all dead wrong.

She's just a *regular* girl who's learned

Where regular girls belong.

She wears flat heels and a boyish bob,

And she grins a chummy grin;

She knows the rules, and she plays the game,

And she doesn't *take you in*.

And what if she does puff a cigarette?

Oh—we did the same, you know,

Except that we did it *behind closed doors*.

In the golden long ago!

She is wise to the fact that the fearful stork

Is a bird that lays plain eggs,

And she trips around, quite unashamed,

On a visible pair of legs.

She does *her* "cussedness" right out loud,

With a courage that we call "bold."

She doesn't *sneak* all her small, pet sins!

We did, in the days of old!

Of course, when she "pets" a boy or two

We think it's a bit unwise;

But Youth and Wisdom were never pals,

Under any earthly skies.

We "spooned" with as many as that, or more,

Only *we*—we never told!

In those good old, wise old, sly old days,

Those virtuous days of old!

I could scold her a little for just one thing—

Her rouged and powdered face.

I love the flush of the rose leaves so,

But we old ones set the pace!

And the ones who drink, and shame their youth?

Oh, they're "something else, again."

I tell you, *flappers* are *regular girls*,

And they pal with regular men.

So—here's to the flappers! Bless 'em all!
Long may they flap on high!
They're the twentieth century Band of Hope!
May their species never die!
The New York Times. *Barbara Young.*

THE FLAPPER.

You are no worse than ever you have been;
Yours the same Eve-glance, curious and keen;
You only laugh, when you hear old dames say.
"Maidens were more proper in my day."
Or else you reply, wickedly,
"Oh, sure—you had to be!"

In many ways you're better than of old;
Your interests wider and your mind more bold;
Your vision more aspiring, and your sense
Of justice far more militantly intense,
And you hurt no one when you're bent on shocking
Some prim old spinster with your rolled-down stocking.

It's the same story, told again once more
By men and women verging on three score:
"In our day all young ladies acted better—
"There P's and Q's they minded to the letter."
The modern young thing laughs at them: "What rot!
"You're all old liars—or else, you've forgot!"
The New Canaan Advertiser. *Orville Leonard.*

WOMANKIND.

A lacy ruffle, a powder puff,
A high-heeled slipper, a silken tie,
A curling-iron, and a bit of rouge,
A negligee, and—the pronoun I!

If this is true, and you can't deny
That it's froth just like a bubble,
You must admit that a woman's there,
When a chap gets into trouble!

The Philadelphia Bulletin. *Floyd Meredith.*

O TEMPORA.

Yes, times have changed since she looked at me
While she powdered her saucy nose.
Her veil rolls down to a lower line,
And so do her silken hose.

Has she thrown away her powder puff,
Since her face is swathed from the breeze?
No, you may see it is useful still,
As she powders her dimpled knees.

The Boston Herald.
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Clarissa Brooks.

CHANGE.

The hand that rocks the cradle
Now is stained with nicotine,
And the foot upon the rocker
Likes to step on gasoline.

The New York Sun.

Blaine C. Bigler.

O MORES.

Yes, I think that I should know it
If she really came to show it.
Of course, I know she had one,
Though 'twas several years ago.
Yes, 'twas pink and small and pretty:
When I whispered trifles witty,
My jests would oft suffuse it
With a lovely roseate glow.

But it's so long since I've seen it,
Can my Julia really mean it?
After this long seclusion
Won't it seem a trifle queer?
'Pon my word, she's really done it—
Pray forgive me if I pun it—
The silken husk is really gone
From Julia's little ear.

The Boston Herald.
Copyrighted.

Clarissa Brooks.

THE HILL WOMAN.

One day a roving gypsy passed my door
And she sang an air,
A song of life, of the open road—
Of the world, out there!

The high hills hem my little house about
On every side—
Safe is the valley, and the hills, serene;
My house is my pride.

But I watch the dark shadow-horses race,
When the wind clouds ride—
How they hurry over the bare, brown hills
To—the world outside!

The river winds through the fields of grain
That my man sows for me;
It turns and twists like a writhing worm,
But—it finds the sea!

Oh, I was content till the gypsy came,
Singing her song—
Content, till she stopped and said to me:
"You will not stay long."

But—the world, they say, is a wicked place;
It would frighten me!
Yet . . . should I take, some day, the river road,
Would I find the sea?

I watch the sun go down behind the hills
And the twilight fall;
It covers their cold, stark, silent forms
With a purple pall.

The light fades fast on the little road
That will bring my man . . .
But the words of the song that the gypsy sang—
How was it they ran?

What the world is like there beyond the hills—
Ah, what if I knew?
Be still, my heart, be still! The gypsy said:
"Soon you will go, too!"

The New York Times. Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

A WOMAN.

She wanders down the dusty street,
As keen of loveliness
As those whom fortune sets apart
To smile upon and bless.

She pauses by a florist's shop,
Her wistful eyes alight,
With hunger for the violets
And roses red and white.

The favored draw their skirts aside
With querulous distaste,
Lest they be soiled by one least touch
Of her they call unchaste.

If they would give a kindly glance,
Or just one fragrant bloom,
They might avert the tragedy
Of shame that seems her doom.

But, dull to all they do not know,
They neither dream nor guess,
That this is common to them both:
The love of loveliness.

The New York Herald.

Charlotte Becker.

THE SEALERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Written at the ice-fields in the Spring of 1922 aboard the
historic old Terra Nova.)

Ho! We be the Sealers of Newfoundland!
We clear from a snowy shore,
Out into the gale with our steam and sail,
Where tempest and tumult roar.
We battle the floe as we northward go,
North, from a frozen strand!
Through lead, through bay, we battle our way,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Ye, we be the Sealers of Newfoundland;
We laugh at the blinding dark;
We mock the wind, as we fling behind
The wilderness hoar and stark.
We jest at death, at the icy breath
Of the Pole, by the north-lights spanned.
In a wild Death-dance we dice with Chance,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Sealers, ho Sealers of Newfoundland,
With engines begrimed and racked,
With groaning beams where the blue ice gleams,
We push through the growlers packed,
With rifle, with knife we press our strife.
What lubber shall understand
The war we fight in the ghostly light?
Aye, Sealers of Newfoundland!

The ice glows red where our skin-boots tread,
And crimson the gleaming floes.
From mast we "scun" till our race be run,
Where the Labrador current goes.
From ship we spring to the pans that swing;
By stalwarts our deck is manned.
O'er the blood-red road the sculps are towed
By the Sealers of Newfoundland!

Oh, some may sail with a southern gale;
Some may fare east or west.
The North is ours, where the white storm lowers,
Wild North that we love the best!
Oh North, we ken that ye make us men;
Your glory our eyes have scanned.
Hard men we be, of the Frozen Sea,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Bitterly bold through the stinging cold
We vanquish the naked North.
We make our kill with an iron will,
Where the great white cold stalks forth.
"Onward!" we cry, where the bare bergs lie,
Dauntless our course is planned.
With blood, with sweat, scant bread we get,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

"Starb'rd!" and "Steady!" and "Port!" we steer;
Press on through the grinding pan!
We labor and muck for a fling at luck,
Each man of us, God! a man!
We cheer at the bawl of the white-coats all,
We labor with knife and hand,
With rope and gaff. At the North we laugh,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Where the old dog-hood and the old harps' brood
Lie out on the raftered pack,
We tally our prey. Then away and away,
Men, Ho for the homeward track!
Till the day dawns near when a welcome cheer
Shall greet us, as red we stand
On the decks that come to our island home,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

The Boston Post.

George Allen England.

SUNDAY IN JAY.

(The little town of Jay, the county seat of Delaware county, Oklahoma, nestles in the picturesque hills of the Spavinaw country. This poem was written to defend the contention of the "poetry of the hills.")

It was Sunday in Jay. We were up and away
To the valley of dripping springs.
We went over the hills and we crossed running rills,
'Mid the copse where the wild bird sings.

Where the sprites ever play in their weird, elfin way,
To a vale where the sun ne'er shines;
Where the babbling of brooks, in moss covered nooks,
Blend their song with the sighing pines.

Farther onward we strode, 'long the steep, winding
road,
Weather seamed, crested hills between,
Where the Brushy creek falls o'er slick granite walls,
With a whirl and a shimmering sheen.

Where the bright mountain trout, from the ferns
darting out,
Calmly rests on his finny oars,
And the squirrels nimbly cut autumn-brown juicy nut,
In th' omniscient God's out-doors.

There the mild manner'd doe, pricking ears, scented
foe,

Swiftly darts through the brush and the trees ;
And the breezes sublime from a sun-laden clime,
Odoriferously flutes and flees.

'Twas in years, as of old, that the warriors bold,
Came in answer to the drum-beat call,
In the dell and in glen, since the mem'ry of men,
Ever fearing the nation's fall.

But the Cherokee's fame, in his deeds and his name,
Will survive as the years unfold,
As the pristine glory, both in song and in story,
Of the Greeks and of Troy is told.
The Daily Oklahoman. *Bill Kantfraid.*

THE REDWOOD.

I never see a redwood in the town,
But in my heart I feel a vague regret,
As for an exile, born to wear a monarch's crown
And heir to rich and spreading lands, who yet
Alas, his life in cramped surrounding spends,
Far from his home, his countrymen and friends.

O Redwood, thou to man shouldst never come ;
But man should make a pilgrimage to thee :
Where nobles of thy race in their ancestral home,
On misty mountain slopes beside the sea,
Raise with their shafts, like cloisters cool at noon,
Cathedrals to the sun, and temples to the moon.
The Oakland Tribune. *Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.*

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP ALONE.

Clanging cymbal, crack of doom,
Flash of lightning, thunder's boom,
Clouds descending, darkness, gloom
On the mountain top alone !

All around me furies howl,
Gnashing teeth, malicious, foul,
Vamping, pulling at my cowl—
On the mountain top alone !

Lonely, homing in alarm,
Fleeing creeping Hate and Harm,—
Vainly seeking sheltering arm—
On the mountain top alone!

Sol comes forth above a cloud,
Faint—I feel his warm breath crowd,
Blue skies break above my shroud—
On the mountain top alone!

The Pasadena Star-News.

Marie Tello Phillips.

SONG.

Come with me, sweet, and we will go
A-harvesting the spring;
I know a place where bluebells grow
And where brown thrashers sing.

We'll trip across the fragrant hills,
Abloom with haw and crab;
We'll listen to sweet-sounding rills,
And dance a round with Mab.

We'll chance on violets, I know,
And toadstools in a ring.
Give me your hand, and we will go
A-harvesting the spring.

Chicago Daily Tribune.

Wayne Gard.

CERTAIN TRAILS.

My heart has gone a-gypsying adown a certain
highway;
An old road with high hedges and a little wooden
bridge
That spans a stream of water near a mossy shaded
by-way,
Where clumps of bright verbenas flank a rough and
rocky ridge.

My heart has gone a-gypsying into an orchard olden,
Where pink-white apple blossoms bend a beaten path
above;
And bees go heavy laden with their honey all so
golden,
While their monotone is mingled with the crying of
a dove.

My heart has gone a-gypsying beside a field of clover,
Where blooms are giving lavishly of odors fragrant,
sweet.
A meadow lark is singing near, his heart is brimming
over
With the beauty and the brightness that his song has
made complete.

My heart has gone a-gypsying—O, do you, can you
wonder
When certain trails are rivaling the ways that Eden
knew?
My heart has gone a-gypsying all flowered paths to
plunder,
To lose itself in gladness 'mid the morning sun and
dew.

The Kansas City Times.

Ella May Arneal.

THE CALLING SEA.

The wind sweeps in from the marsh at night
And wails like a lost banshee,
And I go down from the quiet town
To stare at the roaring sea.

The wild wind, shrieking of distant lands,
And the green surge, rolling free,
And the riding lights of the ships at night,
Are signals that call to me.

I watch how the vessels lift and swing,
In the teeth of the racing tide,
Where the great waves roar on the rocky shore
And the pitching barges ride.

So I dream of shipping before the mast,
And sailing to foreign lands—
Of cutting a way through the salt sharp spray
To tropical coral strands.

I have watched the vessels for foreign ports
Stand out to the open sea,
And I must go where the great storms blow
And the lashing wind roars free.

It may be that I shall come back again
To the peace of the little town,
Where the hyacinth grows, and the prim hedge-rows
Run neatly up and down.

It may be that when I grow tired and old
Then the little town will call,
And the quiet days and sunlit ways
Shall please me most of all.

The New York Times.

Violet McDougal.

THE WANDERER.

Oh, I heard the call of a winging bird
Down purpling sunset ways,
When other birds were nest-ward bound
To croon low lullabies.

And I wondered why, as dark night fell,
That lone bird sought the west,
When his comrades, all, were flying home,
To sing young broods to rest!

Have you no Love, have you no Nest?
No mem'ries of spring, blossoms bright,
That you madly skirt the twilight clouds,
That you scorn the shelter of the night?

A light breeze steals through tree-tops tall,
Half sad, nor song, nor sigh:
Content, asleep, the homing birds
Dream not, down the western sky,

One lone bird flew, at the set of sun.
What and whither his quest? Oh, who
Is happier now, when day is done,
Home birds or restless one, you?

The Memphis Commercial Appeal. *Francis M. Lipp.*

THE END OF DAY.

As the sun goes down behind the cloud
And sinks in its mellow ray,
The night comes on like a ghostly shroud,
And this is the end of day.

In the leafy trees the birds retire,
And the flocks and herds are still
In the fading glow of celestial fire,
Just over the western hill.

In the silence deep of the chilly night,
When stretched out on the ground,
We grope in darkness for the light,
And hear no earthly sound.

In the care of God we still remain,
As we humbly kneel to pray;
When the setting sun shall rise again,
There'll be no end of day.

The Kansas City Star.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Named by the Padres after their St. Francis,
There is an older claimant to that fame;
For in the month of June, and near St. John's Day,
Two hundred years before—an English Francis
came.

Time, that keeps the world's great deeds in view,
Does not withhold the credit due today,
To Drake, who first sailed near, if not straight through,
The Golden Gate, into San Francisco Bay.

The British-Californian.

Martha Newland.

THE DESERT.

When the Master of all creation
Had finished the work of His hand—
The earth and the world of people,
The sea, the sky and the land—
Methinks that His heart grew heavy
And He said, with a sigh and a nod,
“So much for the world of people,
And nothing at all for God.”
Then He chose from His vast creation
A desolate waste of sand,
Sprinkled it over with sagebrush
And fashioned the Desert Land.
He gave it the glow of the sunset,
The glare of the noonday heat,
The lure of distant horizons
Where earth and heaven meet.

And when His labor was ended
He said with a smile divine :
“The beauties of earth are my children’s—
The Desert alone is mine.”

The New York Herald.

Helen Frazee-Bower.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

’Twas just the other day, my lad,
While driving down the road;
I noticed here and there a bird,
A butterfly and toad,
And then I chanced to look ahead,
For quite rough was the ride,
And oh, how smooth it seemed to be
Upon the other side.

I turned the wheel and went across
To see how it would be,
And don’t you know it jerked me so,
I said, “How rough, dear me.”
The grass was dead, the weeds were high,
The ditch was deep and wide.
But green the grass and smooth the road
Upon the other side.

Sometimes I think our lives must be
Quite like the country road ;
Some are like the birds and bees
And others like the toad.
We see when looking just beyond,
How smooth some people slide,
But when we cross, we always say,
"How smooth the other side."

The Lewisburg Leader.

E. Vernon Moore.

GREETINGS TO SIR AUCKLAND AND LADY GEDDES.

[On their visit to Oakland, March 22, 1922. From the British Societies of California.]

We, who now dwell within the Golden State,
Are proud to welcome you within the Gate
That guards the entrance to the Orient,
The first and last port of the Occident.
Here where three hundred years ago, and more,
Drake, the "explorer," came from Britain's shore
'Tis fitting place to welcome you who stand
As the Ambassador of his home land.

As British Californians we rejoice
To see you in our midst, to hear your voice
That ever speaks in council, true and wise,
Smoothing the difficulties that arise
As rise they will when Statesmen strive to find
Solution of great problems of mankind,
As fall they must when each and all unite
To use the golden rule, and do the right.

We wish you, as upon our shores you stay,
Enjoyment every moment of each day,
And hope that California's sunny skies
Will beam on you in all her radiant guise.
For we are certain that when far away
Her beauty and her charm with you will stay
To lure you on to come again and see
This western land beside the western sea.

But ere you leave us on your homeward way,
A tribute is your due and one we pay
With joyous hearts; in that you have removed
Ideas that fostered hate when not disproved,
And as you daily with that aim in view
Explained it all, a situation new
Arose between our old and new home land,
And one we thank you for, with heart and hand.

The British-Californian.

Martha Newland.

THE SUN ON BISCAYNE BAY.

There's a splendor and a glory
In the sun where e'er he's found,
Be it in the mountains hoary,
Burning sand or icy mound.
But the glory of all glories,
In his splendor or his play,
In realities or stories,
Is when seen o'er Biscayne Bay.

For the Bay adds to his splendor,
Clothes him in a majesty
That doth magnify and render
Hidden glories, 'till eyes see
What to him are not beholden
For their witchery so gay,
As the tinted rays, sun-golden,
Cast their beams on Biscayne Bay.

'Tis the waters in their clearness,
In their beauty and their charms,
In their sweetness and their nearness
Clasping him in their fond arms,
That entice him to their quarters,
As he rises day by day
From across the swelling waters
Of that splendid Biscayne Bay.

You can find the sun a-shining
In the North, the East, the West;
You can find his beams reclining
Everywhere on water's breast.
But to find him in his glory,
Shining brightly every day,
You must see him at Miami,
Rising over Biscayne Bay.

The Boston Post.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

THE SENTINEL OF IROQUOIS.

O Tree, on duty by the rocky wall,
So watchful o'er the busy town below,
Hear you not from the woodland, voices call,
Telling of kindred you may never know?
Sheltered and safe, your wistful brethren stand,
And yearn to share your watch upon the hill.
'Tis often thus in life; a helping hand
May not enfold ours though its touch would thrill.

Life holds some trials we must face alone;
Yet, like your wistful brethren of the wood,
Are those who yearn to make their pity known,
And fain would share our sorrows if they could.

The Courier-Journal.

Kalfus Kurtz Gusling.

THOROUGHFARES.

My feet are used to pavements, but tomorrow
I tread long grassy slopes and feel the air
Swept out of spring-green hollows, with the flare
Of summer bugles blowing. I shall borrow
The joy of birds that watch us in the blue,
The freshness of wild strawberries in the dew.

My eyes have kept the page and conned the chapter,
But wisdom now is singing in the sun,
Looking beyond me on the road begun
Until I catch some glimpse, where clouds have wrapped
her,
Of beauty's self, elusive, haunting, fain,
The lure of woman and divine disdain.

However mad the distance, I shall follow,
And in some foxglove tangle or cool dell
Bedded with violets, shall know the spell
That thrills the pollened bee and heaven-winged
swallow.

The drip of water on moss-covered stones
Shall be the pulse of song each tree intones.

My ears have listened to the street commotion,
The crush of traffic and the beat of news
From blood-splashed countries where hot warfare
brews.

Tomorrow I shall find a fresh devotion,
Pathways where ferns have hidden from the sun,
Leaf coverts where the hare and squirrel run.

The New York Sun. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

IN LANDS OFF THERE.

In lands off there across the seas
The temple bells entreat for prayers
With silver cadenced harmonies—
In lands off there.

Slow swing the caravans that dare,
The yellow sands, bound for the leas
Where golden rivers blot despair,
In lands off there.

Night long upon the jasmine breeze
The tomtom beats while maidens fair
With faces veiled, rich mysteries
In lands off there.

The New York Herald. *Thomas J. Murray.*

LIGHT.

Every morning, while hurrying along River Road to
work,

I pass the old miser Stemowski's hut,
Beside which pants a white perfumed cloud of acacias.
And the poignant spring pierces me.

My eyes are suddenly glad, like cloud'shadows when
they meet the sheltering gloom
After having been long stranded in a sea of glassy
light.

Then I rush to the yard,
But on the job my mind still wanders along the steps
 of dreams in search of beauty.
O how I bleed in anguish! I suffer,
Amid my happy, laughing but senseless toilers!
Perhaps it is the price of a forbidden dream sunken in
 the purple sea of an obscure future.
The New York Evening Post. *Pascal D'Angelo.*

THE WAVES.

The waves are galloping ponies
 With winds in their flying mane,
That run and nibble the sugary sand,
 And scamper away again.

The waves are glittering tigers
 Flung snarling on the land,
That writhe and twist in the grips of death,
 And claw away the sand.

The waves are purple elephants
 That charge with sudden roar,
That trumpet and shout to the shaken moon,
 And trample away the shore.

The waves are green-haired mermaids
 With thrifty little hands,
Who, fetching brooms and pails and mops,
 Come bringing back the sands.

The New York Times. *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

HARBORS.

She watches cloud boats sailing,
 With fleecy sails unfurled,
For some unfathomed harbor
 The other side the world.

Her wistful thoughts go drifting
 Across the summer day—
Love guide them to some haven
 Where they may bide away!

The New York Herald. *Charlotte Becker.*

THE POET.

In the darkness he sings of the dawning,
In the desert he sings of a rose,
Or of limpid and laughing water
That through green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
Out through his prison bars,
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales,
Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
At last with failing breath
A song of faith and youth and love
He sings at the gates of death.

The Boston Transcript.

Mary Sinton Leitch.

FIELDS AT NIGHT.

I stood in the whispering fields
Intoxicated with the loveliness of the night:
The moon leaned against the trees
And ran her finger through the billowing grain.
Thoughts of you came like flying birds across my
mind—
Was it the thought of you so far away
Or the beauty of the whispering grain
That blinded my eyes with tears
And quivered my heart with pain?

The Dothan Eagle.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.

SANCTUARY.

In the long dim aisles of the pine wood
No bird's wing beats through the shadows,
And only the sloping sun-shaft
Moves on the purple floor;
Only the west wind sounds there;
Sounds like a long wave washing
Drowsily, far away,
On some mysterious shore.

The river of change leaves the pine wood
A sacred inviolate island,
And all that the ages have sown there
The years have forgotten to reap.
Summer by summer there gathers
And deepens a holier hush there
Where centuries whisper together
And time has fallen asleep.

No wanderer strays through the pine wood
Or stands on its threshold of twilight
Or peers through its purple shadows,
Lingering, all year long.
No listener comes to harvest
Those acres of ancient silence
Where through, like a loitering river,
Flows ever the wind's low song.

In the cool green heart of the pine wood,
At the end of some breeze-blurred vista,
The silences gather together
And make their dwelling afar.
In a place that no man remembers,
With motionless miles around them,
By pools of unwavering quiet
That never a sound shall mar,
They dwell serenely forever,
Forgotten, and visited only,
By the moon that walks through the tree tops
Or the still pale face of a star.

The Christian Science Monitor.

Odell Shepard.

BACK YARDS.

Back yards are narrow places, after all,
Shut in by wooden fences, straight and tall,
But all the neighbors on our city street
Are narrow people, very quiet and neat.
And so their yards are like them, orderly,
With plots of grass as green as they can be,
And beds of flowers, stiff-backed hollyhocks,
And white geraniums and prudish phlox.
But we're a careless lot; we hate to fuss,
And dirt and things don't ever bother us;
'Cause ma's a busy artist, and our dad
Spends all his time in scribbling on a pad,
And we are kids, Leroy and me and Dot,
The only kids our neighborhood has got.
So our back yard's just like us, careless, too,
With jumbled flowers, red and pink and blue,
And trampled grass and paths all littered up
With bones and sticks to please our collie pup.
But our back yard can be a magic ship
Where we can sit and take a long, long trip.
And when the fairies pass along our street
They choose our yard because it's *not* so neat.

The New York Times.

Violet Alleen Storey.

IDLERS.

The gypsies lit their fires by the chalk-pit gate anew,
And the hobbled horses supped in the further dusk
and dew;
The gnats flocked round the smoke like idlers as they
were,
And through the gorse and bushes the owls began to
churr.

An ell above the woods the last of sunset glowed
With a dusky gold that filled the pond beside the
road;
The cricketers had done, the leas all silent lay,
And the carrier's clattering wheels went past and died
away.

The Christian Science Monitor.

Edmund Blunden.

IN COW COUNTRY.

I. Processional.

Who bends down willows to make his bed,
And watches the high night by,
Will find that more stars pass overhead
That he dreamed were in the sky.

II. Mountain Voices.

Bronze lustering, essential of the peak
And rock-rent cloud,
Is in their voices when they speak
To you aloud:
To tell you fifteen dogies are enough
For any sway-back bridge . . .
Or that from here you cross the mesa bluff
And follow nine mile up the right fork ridge . . .
Or that the bigger brands do well
Because when hair grows long and mats in fall,
Most generally a man can tell
His own right thru the hair and get them all . . .
Or how Shep tried to heel a porcupine
And lost both eyes . . .
And when they speak there is an old design
Of good simplicities
And low-drawled mellowness in what they say,
Enough to hold you when you walk
Some aspen trail alone . . . or come away
Again to where the city people talk.

III. Prairie Dog.

We look big-eyed and high-eyed . . . ineffably dull,
And our foreheads slant like the Neanderthal skull.
And we sit and we chatter and curl up our wrists,
Complacent as roundly paunched capitalists,
We believe that efficiency comes before pleasure,
We're patriots, too . . . in conservative measure.
We hold that success is the ultimate test.
In a word . . . that all popular things are the best.

But funny! No cord tire
Ever seems to mess up the chipmunks,
Yet they do get us right frequently.

The Rocky Mountain News. Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

BEYOND THE HILL.

Beyond the hill there are richer meadows and clearer
waters and warmer skies;
Beyond the hill, where the lazy shadows go drifting
over when daylight dies.
When earth is only a shadow's seeming, the echoing
ghost of a voice long still,
Night long I know that my heart is dreaming of fair
lands sleeping beyond the hill.

Beyond the hill there is less of sorrow and less of
terror and less of pain;
Each day moves past to a glad tomorrow and dies to
the dusk of dreams again.
Men walk less burdened with sin and error; scorn has
less power to blight and chill;
And hearts are truer and love is fairer and life is finer
beyond the hill.

Beyond the hill—I have dreamed how often of trails
that lead to its unknown crest,
Till the path winds down and the harsh crags soften,
and I come at last to the end of the quest.
Day long I gaze at the steepes that sever my ways from
the way of my vagrant will.
I have sought how far, but I find it never—that trail
that beckons beyond the hill.

The New York Sun.

Ted Olsen.

OUTDOOR LIFE.

Outdoor life's a wondrous thing
When poets all about it sing.
It's nice to read about in books,
And all right as to outward looks.
In real life, it is a fright,
With mice and bats abroad at night,
With caterpillars, snakes, and slugs,
A million different kinds of bugs
Including spiders, ants, and flies,
And lady-bugs with staring eyes.
Mean threatening wasps and buzzing bees
Play havoc with a fellow's ease.

The beaches are alive for fair
With sand-fleas hopping everywhere,
With crabs that crawl, and clams that squirt,
And skeeter bugs that bite and hurt.
This outdoor life is surely fine,
But quiet city days for mine.

The Bellingham Herald.

Helen Emma Maring.

OCTOBER ROSES.

'Neath Southern skies the summer lingers long;
The gentle after-glow seems loth to die;
The happy birds still thrill the air with song,
And softer radiance tints the autumn sky.

The cooler air new hope and joy imparts;
With strength renewed we tread with firmer feet
Each rugged path, and in our thankful hearts
Revives the thought that life is good and sweet.

October roses burst in richer bloom,
And sturdier, more enduring than in spring;
Upon the bracing air their rich perfume,
With rarer sweetness, lavishly they fling.

Our roses, Dear, sweet springtime hopes, are fled;
Too soon they bloomed, perchance, for us to keep;
Their petals, all too frail, are brown and dead,
And buried in our heart's recesses deep.

And parched and desert-like the summer seemed,
No hope, no help, no joy within our sight;
No cool refreshing spring beyond us gleamed,
No flower to cheer us with its beauty bright.

But autumn days have brought us clearer skies;
Dead thoughts, dead hopes, dead joys to which we
cling
We cast aside, and, lifting up our eyes
See sweeter roses bloom than in the spring!

The Raleigh News and Observer. Minnie Custis Waite.

WILDCAT BILL.

Old Bill Jacks was the gamest guy
That lived in Oklahoma—
Naught on earth would fire his eye
Like a crude oil aroma;
He'd drill a hole most any place
In this whole wide creation
And if 'twas dry he'd mop his face
And try a new location.

Old Bill had drilled a hundred holes
All up and down the prairie—
Such luck as his would kill our souls
But he still seemed quite merry;
He spent his scads without a kick
And labored like a coolie—
He'd cheerfully take any trick
From roustabout to toolie.

Old Bill got short and hit the bank
For bucks to sink a gusher—
He promised then and there, right frank,
He shortly would be flusher;
This hole, said he, is on the top
Of structures quite tremendous—
If she cuts loose she'll never stop
Producin' most stupendous.

His neighbors chaffed the poor old jay
And dubbed him Wildcat Willie—
But Bill kept drillin' every day
While people thought him silly;
And then one day 'bout 6 o'clock
They recognized their error—
For William's drill dropped through the rock
And struck a holy terror.

It run his tanks plumb full of oil
And filled up all the ditches—
It made the rubber-neckers boil
To figure up Bill's riches;
He salted down a million cold,
As said in modern lingo—
But still he's drilling as of old—
He's Wildcat Bill, by jingo!

The Daily Oklahoman.

N. H. Crowell.

SONGS OF THE SLUMS.

Residue.

My faith has been lost that somewhere I knew,
My kinship with other things,
The creed that a bone is a bone for two,
And wider rememberings.
I sieve from the ashes, where once was fire,
The things of the lowest slums,
The refuse of rags, the midden of mire,
What the birds know not for crumbs!

And sometimes I sieve, like a farther drought,
A memory I would forswear—
In the nakedness of a long without,
No beggar this thing would dare!
But it comes to me in this foisened red,
And I sieve its ashes alone;
Oh, it comes to me in its heart-blood said,
And I sieve what I cannot own!

The Charlottesville Progress.

Virginian Stait.

THE CREEPING DEATH.

(Based on the Nevada laws providing for the execution of criminals by the use of lethal gas.)

Within that House,
a little concrete House
with a flat roof,
a long, narrow window,
a window where the watchers stood,
curious, morbid watchers,
waiting to see a man die,
and a door that closes tight,
tight as the top on a fruit jar,
Men bound me to a chair,
bound me with leathern thongs
so tight that I could not move.

* * * * *

They looked on me as though
I was an overgrown Gopher
or a Rat in a Trap,

not a Man.
and left me there, alone,
bound to the chair,
closing the door
as they went.

* * * * *

I heard a sharp sucking sound
as though a tight-seated valve
had been suddenly loosed—
then silence,
heart-breaking silence.

* * * * *

A Creeping Thing,
cold as dead hands,
unseen, unheard,
but clammy and cold and
creeping swiftly,
came through the silence,
laid its icy fingers on my flesh;
the odor of the grave,
dank as mists over a swamp,
assailed my nostrils;
creeping, creeping, ever creeping
toward my heart;
the cold fingers froze my blood—
I was Dead!

* * * * *

I stood apart—the Soul of Me—
and saw the watchers at the window,
the curious, morbid watchers,
as they nodded their heads
the one to the other.
I heard a rushing, hissing sound
and the clammy Creeping Thing,
its Devil's mission done,
went as swiftly as it had come,
taking with it the odor of the grave.

* * * * *

The door swung back,
men unbound my body from the chair,
straightened out my limbs.
The Creeping Thing had come,
was gone,
I was dead.

* * * * *

I was a Murderer.
I had killed a Man.

Society killed me.
Is Society a Murderer?

The crime I had done is punished.
My body has been killed by Society.
Thank God My Soul Still Lives.

The Casper Daily Tribune.

E. Richard Shipp.

THE PHANTOM OF DREAMS.

The phantom of dreams is a mystic thing
That glides in the grey of the moon.
Its song in the boughs of the willows sing
Of firmaments blue at noon,
Of gold at the rim of the world of day,
And opal beneath the sea.
Its goal is the edge of the far-away—
But yet it belongs to me.
The phantom of dreams is the glowing soul
That guides us and draws us far,
And beckons us on to the heart-sought goal
That touches the silvered star.
The dreamers pursue it, and know not why
Such visions of joy abound.
The clouds, born of failure, will pass us by
If phantoms of dreams are found.

The Town Crier.

Helen Emma Maring.

THE BLIZZARD.

The sky is dark with racing clouds,
Wind-driven, sombre grave and black;
The shrieking driver plies the lash
And urges on his flying pack.
Ice-flecked and snorting, on they speed
Across the snow-enshrouded world;
The trees bend low and moan in fear.
The tyrant wind-god's spears are hurled
Against the earth's unshielded breast—
Each stinging lance with war-cry cast;
And earth a shackled slave must stay
Until this despot's rule has passed.

The Omaha Bee.

Whitelaw Saunders.

EIGHTEEN-NINETY.

The old Cowman,
cross-legged, sat before the fire;
like oak-tanned leather
his smooth-shaven face shone
in the flickering light.
His Boys sat round and smoked.

He talked in quiet, level tone,
nor raised his voice;
what he Said he meant,
What he Did Not Say they Knew he Meant.

Damn the sheep!
They've ruined the range—
dug the grass out by the roots.

"There's a bunch bedded down
over to the west
a mile or so from here,
not far from Red Canyon,
it drops straight down
a hundred feet or more.

"Had some cows go over there once,
we didn't even get the hides.

"It's a bad place for stock
when they go on stampede.

"The hosses ain't tired,
little exercise won't hurt 'em none.

"Think I'll roll in;
good-night, boys, and,
well,
Damn the sheep."

The Casper Tribune.

E. Richard Shipp.

GIFTS.

I wandered through the valley with a merry, jesting
lad,
He taught my grave lips laughter, he made my dull
heart glad,
He gave my body youth, and made my sober spirit mad.

I climbed the towering mountain with an eager,
glowing boy,
He showed my dim eyes beauty, my sorry conscience,
joy,
He found my soul—a radiant thing that age cannot
destroy.

I parted on the hilltop, from an earnest, quiet man,
He gave my voice a song, a word, the Universe to span,
And I—I bound his winged dreams to earth, as
woman can.

The Albany Sunday Democrat. Sarah Hammond Kelly.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE LILY.

(Dedicated to a Dear Old Ursuline Nun and Former Teacher.)

The fragrance of the lily next her heart
Ascends like incense wafted to her soul;
Her feet tread not a path to earthly goal—
This nun, who lives in sweet commune apart—
In flights celestial, guided by his chart,
Through mystic realms, soars heavenward the whole
Day long—envoy of love, for him who stole
Her virgin heart, and chose it from the start.

With visions of her spouse, the Saviour blest—
In convent-cell all glorified and bright,
After a day well-spent at his behest
And basking in his love, content to rest—
The morrow finds her fresh for further flight
With pinions light to gain a greater height.
The Cleveland Universe. Marie Tello Phillips.

IN AUTUMN.

The muscadines are ripening one by one,
Maples and gums are all ablaze,
The fields are like a topaz in the sun
Whose beauty holds me in amaze.

And hour by hour the crimson flame leaps higher,
And quickly spreads from tree to tree,
And lo, I see a presence in the fire,
And hear the silence speak to me.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. J. R. Moreland.

AN ETCHING.

The moon has cast a shadow on the ground,

A quivering arabesque of tangled leaves,
Its beauty holds me, a Prometheus bound.

I hear a song—as that the wood-thrush weaves
Deep in the forest's heart. The winds at play
With rolling clouds obscure the sickle moon;

The shadow flees, like youth that goes so soon;
And I, unshackled, go upon my way.

But etched upon my heart the shadow stays,
A dream for gray and sullen winter days.

The Kansas City Star.

Whitelaw Saunders.

THE HOPE CHEST.

Brass vases from Benares,

With curious designs—

You'll wonder at the Indian

Who drew the slender lines.

This little box of lacquer

I found in Mandalay,

And, thinking you would like it,

I carried it away.

A table spread and doilies,

Embroidered in Kashmir—

A loveliness of silken things

I'm sending you from here.

Our hopes are bound together,

And I know you'll be true

Until the day when seas no more

Shall separate us two.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Wayne Gard.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Upon a still and starry night

Whose very stillness thrilled

The watch of centuries—the night

When hope would be fulfilled—

Thru silent skies

A starlight flies

That God Eternal willed.

While eager eyes first caught its ray
To ages long denied—
Unlike the night, unlike the day,
But glory glorified—
Thru singing skies
Hope verifies
That earth is now its sway.

Around heaven high the chorus rang,
Until earth, too, was filled,
For men joined angels as they sang—
So much their hearts were thrilled—
'Neath star bright skies
The harmonies
No centuries have stilled.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

THE TORCH OF LIFE BEYOND.

For opportunity he prayed till Fate
Allured him to the ever-open gate
Between whose solemn portals pour
The silenced throngs abandoning earth's treasured
store;
He saw the foot-worn exit, open wide.
He'd prayed for opportunity. He died
Smiling. He'd seen with inspiration clear
That effort fruitens over There, not Here.

The Oakland Tribune.

Claudius Thayer.

MY SASSAFRAS TREE.

My sassafras tree
You mean to me
More than my verse can say.
Your color bright is in my sight.
Reason for spirits gay.

When carking care
Would have me wear
A frown that all can see,
Your crimson leaves fair magic weaves,
My lovely sassafras tree.

My lips would shrink,
I would not drink
Of your balsamic tea—
But by your grace you clear my face—
My tonic sassafras tree!

The Montgomery Advertiser. Mary Tarver Carroll.

TO A BUZZARD SWINGING IN SILENCE.

I never knew how fair a thing
Was freedom, till I saw you swing,
Ragged, exultant, black and high
Against a hollow, windy sky.
You that with such a horrid gait,
Lumbers and flops with red, raw pate.
I never knew how beauty grew
From ugliness until you flew
With soaring, somber, steady beat
Of wings, rough-edged to grip the fleet
Far-coursing horses of the sky,
To ride, to ride them gloriously.
Oh, brother buzzard, you whose sin
On earth is to be shackled in
To horror, teach me how to go
Like you, to beauty, sure and slow;
Like you, to slip such carrion ties
And lift and lift to high clean skies,
Where winds and sun and silence ride,
Like you, oh, buzzard, glorified.

The Miami Herald. Marjory Stoneman Douglas.

MY PETITION.

Give me, dear Lord, a chain of thoughts
That's pure and true.
Give me courage
And the deepest calm,
A perfect poise,
Strength to endure.
Give me a heart to love,
A quiet mind,
Give me a wreath of flame,
Let me reflect thy light,
Then give me peace and rest
When cometh night.

The Montgomery Advertiser. Kate Downing Ghent.

TO ETHEL—WINDING YARN.

If I could spin my days and years
Into a ball of wool,
I'd give my laughter and my tears
To make it beautiful.

Then maybe on your slim white hands
You'd wind the glancing thread,
And feel my kiss in warm, soft strands
Long after I am dead.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Virginia Taylor McCormack.

AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

When I drifted into Georgetown
(So long ago I hate to think)
She was the livest minin' camp
I'd hit, travelin' up an' down—
Why, I didn't have to buy a drink
And me nothin' more than a tramp.

This hotel, 'twas Louie DuPuy's—
His name is there, over the door—
Was fine as money could make it.
Louie was French, but he was wise;
Sleep in bed, sleep on the floor,
You paid—Louie always got his bit.

I "swamped" for Louie, with a "Chink"
Helpin' me, for about a year,
Cleanin' spittoons and scrubbin' floors
For my sleepin', eatin' an' drink,
Then I quit him—quit clean an' clear—
Went prospectin' an' lived out doors.

We staked a claim, me an' the "Chink"—
He was a good pard, always fair,
Doin' his part like he was white—
It was him made me quit the drink.
We sold the claim—'twas share and share—
And bought Louie out that very night.

Them was the days when men played cards.
They'd play all day an' play all night.
They'd play 'em fast an' play 'em high;
Hard game? Sure—Broke men don't have pards—
All Jacks an' square, only damn tight;
The feller what won had to buy.

Louie always had a lot of girls
Workin' in the Bar an' Dance Hall—
Painted Lilies, poor things, low necks,
Powder, musk, short skirts, hair in curls,
Some short an' fat, some slim an' tall,
Miserable bold, brazen wrecks.

Kate was boss of the girls an' hall,
Kept 'em workin,' never a row.
Good woman—worth her weight in gold—
Don't think a man's got any call
To say a woman's bad nohow,
Most men is worse till they git old.

Red Tex was the Devil's own son.
Yellow teeth, thick lips hangin' slack,
Shifty catgreen eyes, and mean. Well
His soul (if he ever had one)
Was warped and twisted, burned black
By the smoulderin' fires of Hell.

Long Sandy was Scotch, unafraid,
Honest Highland Scotch, steel-blue eyes,
Tight-fisted, red beard an' black hair;
The kind of man who always made
The best of life; whose future lies
In his dreams that see all things fair.

Red's girl was a little half Mex.
(The way she loved him was a crime.)
He was drunk and hit her one night—
Long Sandy yelled: "Stop it, Tex!
You've beat her up for the last time!"
We all took cover—that meant fight.

Both guns flashed, I heard just one shot,
A fall, a scream and running feet,
Then silence. The girl held his head;
He lay there, a great red blood clot
On his temple—he'd gone to meet
The wrath of God—Red Tex was dead.

Face down on the floor, Sandy lay,
A stilleto sticking in his side—
Red's bullet had never touched him—
He wasn't dead an' asked me to pray.
I didn't know how, broke down an' cried;
The "Chink" sang a Mission School hymn.

We dug one grave under the pines
An' put 'em both in, side by side—
The Mex. girl hung herself that night.
She's up there, just where the sun shines.
After that the camp lost its stride.
The mines quit, the mills shut down tight.

Kate an' me got married that fall,
Made things right for our girl an' boy.
I'm Gran'pap now an' Kate's Gran'maw;
The boys is clean an' straight an' tall,
An' the girls—Lord they are a joy—
Little darlings without a flaw.

Summer time they all come up here
An' stay with us until snow flies.
We don't visit 'em much in town.
The air's choky, ain't sweet an' clear,
Water ain't pure, can't see the skies,
Then folks all just race up an' down.

We love these big hills that God made;
The sweet smell of the spruce an' pine
An' the hymn the creek sings all day.
"Chink"—that's him down there in the shade—
He's been Kate's good angel and mine,
We'll miss him when he goes away.

Soon folks begun to move away,
The "Chink" an' me an' Kate stayed here—
We ain't sorry, though times is slow,
For the Old Camp'll come back some day.
When she does we'll be in the clear.
Come back? It's the surest thing I know!

The Casper Daily Tribune.

E. Richard Shipp.

ON OWNING FOUR BLACK AND WHITE KITTENS.

What are these galloping sable tornadoes
With pinwheeling tails, who've invaded my quiet?
What's this festoon of befurred desperadoes
That hops and curvets in a black and white riot?
Why do they squeak and they romp and they scrabble?
Why do they canter all day on my floor?
Why do I suffer this small, soft mad rabble?
Why should catastrophe visit my door?

Why should a wobble-legged, crazy-eyed kitten
Reduce the whole house to a whirl and a wreck?
Why should the chairs all look scratched and be
bitten?
Why should the best vase be cracked in the neck?
Why should the window shade tassel be chewy?
Why should no rocking chair ever be rocked?
Why should I rouse me, when morn is yet dewy,
To let in catalysis, deviltry stocked?

One streak of black lightning has lit on the table,
Three pairs of white hind legs are scratching the
mat,
A squeak and a rush and a scrabble. You're able
In time to dash hotly to rescue your hat.
They climb up the chair backs and swing from the
curtain,
They nose dive from couches and wrestle and fight.
Oh, madness and softness and fire, I'm certain,
Are parents of catapults, wild black and white.
The Miami Herald. *Marjory Stoneman Douglas.*

CHILDREN.

Plucky little voyagers
On life's uncertain sea—
So high your joyous courage,
So clear your hearts, and free!

Seasoned sailors oft complain,
With troubles in full view;
Instead of trusting surely
The Captain of the crew!

The Davenport Times. *Jay G. Sigmund.*

REFLECTIONS.

He looked at me with eyes askance,
I gave him back glance for glance.
He smiled with a flash of teeth so white,
I gave him a smile as bright.
He patted his frills and examined with care
The lace of his dainty cuff.
Then, with a studiedly languid air,
He tendered his box of snuff.
I patted my frills, examined my lace,
Offered my snuff as languidly,
And then with steady and narrowed gaze,
Critical eye met eye.
Then he drew his sword with a flourish
And bowed mockingly to me.
I drew my sword with a flourish
And bowed as mockingly.
Then he sheathed his sword with a ringing clang,
And swung about on his heel.
I sheathed and swung, but no sound rang
Of gilded hilt on steel.

She came to me so sweet and fair,
With her low cut bodice and high piled hair,
And though her face was fresh and young,
Though she was the mistress of toast and song,
Her hair was powdered with snow of years,
Diamonds gleamed in her small ears.
As she patched her right cheek with movement deft,
I put a patch on my left.
She drew close, pursing her lips at me,
And exhaling a faint perfume.
I pursed my lips the same as she,
Though unscented was my costume.
Then she dropped me a graceful courtesy
With a frou-frou of silken things.
I curtsied to her as gracefully,
But there were no rustlings.
With a glance at me over her shoulders,
She trailed away over the floor.
I glanced at her over my shoulder
And left by the opposite door.

No elusive fay ever smiled at me
As she danced in the moonbeams shy,
For only the fancies my eye can see
That glow in the human eye.
And the nearest that I ever came
To looking upon a sprite
Was once, when gone was the sun's last flame
And the lamps were just alight.
Then through the door in front of me
A little woeful figure lagged.
A big rag doll, disgustedly,
By one fat leg she dragged.
Tears still trembled on her wet lids,
Her cheeks showed an angry red,
And what she was thinking was shocking,
For she had been sent to bed.
She eyed me, frowning ferociously,
Looking me through and through,
Then stuck out her little pink tongue at me
And, as all small girls do,
I scowled as ferociously as she
And stuck my tongue out, too.

Oh, I am the master Mimic,
My reflection I treasure well,
But I am a pantomimic,
So in words I could never tell
Of the gallant forms, and the lovely,
That have gleamed in my shining face.
I should have to have them before me
To show you their swords and lace.
Of all those varied reflections
I've given back look for look.
I've looked as good as the best of them
And as bad as the blackest crook.
I've seen patch and powder and jeweled swords,
High stock and strapped pantaloons,
Valets and serving maids, ladies and lords,
Even the rays of the moon.
My smile is cracked, but I still can laugh
At the thought of all I've seen.
And what a composite photograph
I would make for a magazine!

Here in the attic, out of use,
I am doomed to the life of an old recluse.
My reflections are shallow? But reflect
How I suffer from this neglect.
If I were so deep that thoughts would sink
Into my heart as acid ink
Sinks into thinnest paper. Then
What a queer sight for gods and men
Would be the tracery of my mind.
Then I'd be useless to all mankind.
As you can plainly see,
Now, even though cracked, I'm truthful,
And, even though broke, I'm honest
And, give back faithfully.

There's a big, black spider in front of me
And he is weaving industriously
Across my once bright, shining face
A web of filmy, gossamer lace,
Whose delicate threads of warp and weft
Will veil my looks from sight.
And he is beginning his web on the left,
So I'll start mine on the right.

The New Canaan Advertiser.

Orville Leonard.

DAVID.

Get ye gone from me—ye who have heard
The swift messenger's word:
"Uriah, the Hittite, is slain!"
And who knows that the stain
Of his death rests on me.
Get you gone, leave me here, on the roof
Where I waited for tidings and proof
Of the death that my breath did decree.
(A brave death, and he never knew
The king 'twas that slew.)
Leave me here, where I first did espy
The woman whose white body's grace
Caused my blod to course with the pace
Of a runner's, to whom earth and sky
Is the taut bow from whence he doth fly—

An arrow that's marked for a place.
Fear ye not that I be left alone,
For over my shoulder leans one
Who hath slung, on a time, a smooth stone;
And one whose brave song to the king
Made phantoms of evil take wing.
One who spared his great enemy, Saul,
Aye, the relentless king—
For I am compact of these all,
And yet, to his death I did fling
A man who owned too fair a thing.

For in me there are many, as master is each
He will sing, he will slay, he will grasp beyond reach.
And which should be punished, and which should be
praised:

He who another's altar hath razed,
Or he who hath girded the giant's great sword
To wage the just wars of the terrible Lord?
Jehovah! Whose nostrils breathe thunder, whose eyes
Flash the swift lightning that cleaveth the skies.
Who carries before him the sun as a shield,
The moon as a torch o'er the sky's darkened field
Jehovah! Who whispers in storm, speaks in flame,
Whose might and whose glory the nations proclaim.

Tell me not of the fray—

Hath the messenger said
Aught save: "He's dead,
Who stood in thy way?"
That I'll hear ever, as ever I hear
The chant that e'en now resounds in mine ear
To the cymbals, the tambours, the dulcimer's strain:
"David, the Captain, ten thousand hath slain."
How the people rejoiced! And in me was no dread
Of the wrath of the Lord for the sake of those dead.
But for this single death, for this deed abhorred,
He surely will smite me, the terrible Lord!

The American Hebrew.

Julia Glasgow.

ONLY ONE FRIEND.

Only one friend, by my soul possessed,
Only one friend, was I, then, not blessed?
Joys of my heart to him were revealed;
Hidden were sorrows so gently healed
By just one friend, to whom I confessed
My dreams of life, e'en the worst and best.

Shared he my praise, or the greatest blame,
My paths to failure, or road to fame.
As a flower's shade grows less and less
By the warm touch of the sun's caress—
So by the magic of this one's smile,
Burdens were changed into things worth while.

Power of grief, through simple sympathy's charm,
Lost all of its dreaded chance to harm.
Only one friend, in the days gone by,
Now, they are numbered as birds that fly.
But all of these would I gladly lend,
For just one smile from my only friend.

The Healdton Herald.

Virginia Smyth Nolen.

TODAY.

Today—she spoke!
The wind stopped sighing
Through the trees.
The birds aloft were silent with the breeze.
The very flowers seemed to lean
Toward her in
Adoring ecstasy:
The cricket stopped its merry chirp
The fireflies flickered softly by.
The whole world seemed
Hushed, as if by her voice
—Oh, wondrous melody.
For she's five months old today!

The White Plains Daily Reporter.

Jack Hyatt, Jr.

WHAT IS GOD?

I watched a little child one day,
A little maid of four,
While sitting with her dolls at play
Upon the nursery floor.
Unconscious all of things untrue,
She told them what she'd heard
Of wicked goblins, fairies, too,
Believing every word.
Oh, days that are as fine-wrought gold,
Oh, halcyon days of youth,
In answer to the question old,
I found that God is truth.

I watched the roses bud and bloom
And shed their fragrance sweet,
To banish doubt, dispel the gloom,
And weary travelers greet.
I watched the drooping violet by
The daisy in her pride,
The wondrous trees, the azure sky :
In ecstasy I cried,
"Oh, sky sublime, oh, tree, oh, flower,
Oh, teach me, too, my duty
And let me feel from hour to hour
That God indeed is beauty."

I watched a mother old and gray
Bowed down with grief and care,
For sons and daughters far away,
She breathed a constant prayer,
That they might all some day be brought
Back to her arms again—
Those happy girls and boys she sought
To shield from every pain.
Oh, mother-heart, this gift of thine
Was sent from heaven above.
I know He gave such love divine,
I know that God is love.

The Raleigh News and Observer. Ellen M. Brooks.

THE FATEFUL YEAR: 1922.

O year, thou very atom, though last born,
Of what, seeking to measure, men call Time,
Inscrutable and spanless! What vast morn
Breaks on our world with that first chime
Of the wide welcoming throats of myriad bells
Wherewith our joy acclaims thee? In thy womb
What taketh shape? Some slakeless brood of hells
To fill our devastation and last doom,
Wrought by our own insensate hand and brain
Through deviltries of air and underseas?
Or God's bequest of Peace, stupendous gain
Measurable but by mankind's anguished pleas
Unanswered through the centuries distraught
Since men first feared and hated; its decree
Framed by the mighty, to the ungracious taught,
Till all earth's folk, obeying, rise up free?

* * * * *

If, then, the womb of this New Year
Be big with our own weal or woe,
Let us upon its threshold here
Within prayer's sanctuary go.
Yet not as helpless suppliants we;
Rather as craftsmen resolute
Of Peace's temple, whose roof-tree
The world's arch-architects, astute
And seasoned, seek on this our soil
To raise to heaven! So we pray
Their souls stay equal to the task,
Nor falter in a weak dismay
Because among them some now ask—
Some fallen to their first poor fear—
With lessened zeal, for narrower toil,
Nor see the ruin they bring near!

Then, on this threshold of the year
Let all within the Temple bow,
That man be swayed by faith, not fear,
And hand to Peace the sceptre now.
Now must he measure to his sphere;
The Ages' portent shades his brow!
Now must the god in him appear,
His vision and his will endow!

The New York Times. *Herman Montagu Donner.*

THE WIRE STRINGER.

When I was stringing wires in No Man's Land
(I'm driving a laundry wagon now),
Stringing wires from listening posts, from batteries,
from headquarters—

I used to get so much kick out of them trying to pot me
With rifles and machine guns and shells.

It's right good fun being a rabbit in a rabbit hunt

If you get by with it,

And can snicker at the stung hunters.

And I always did get by somehow,

By the edge of my eyebrows

And the skin of my teeth.

Great old days!

Them potting away at me,

And me skipping in and out of shell holes:

Why, I kept a card index of them shell holes in my
mind—

I knew every one for miles,

And watched for new ones all the time—

Against the day when I would need them.

Comes a barrage—and me—

Snug in a shell hole smoking a cigaret.

All done—and out I jump

Still with two arms and two legs and nose and toes
and everything,

And I wave my arms

And throw my head back laughing,

Laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing

At their durned old shells that couldn't touch me!

(I'm driving a laundry wagon now.)

The New York Herald. *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

MY BOOK-SHOP.

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—a funny little Book-
Shop—

A sunny little Book-Shop in some secluded street—
A place serene and quiet, secure from noise and riot!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop where you and I could
meet!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—a lazy little Book-Shop—

A crazy little Book-Shop to browse in every day!
The fine old first editions should have the best positions—

But I would never sell a book—just GIVE them all away!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop, a funny little Book-Shop—

A sunny little Book-Shop for You—and You—and You!

And oh, the friends you'd see there! You'd ALWAYS want to be there!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—THAT'S what I'd like to do!

The Des Moines Register.

Helen Cowles LeCron.

ON BEYOND.

"Some day we may know in advance just what life we will lead in the world beyond."—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Leave it as a sporting chance
Through the shadow-guarded gates,
Just a last shot at Romance
Where the Great Adventure waits.
Let the curtain stay until
We have said "Good-by, old scout,"
With a last look from the hill
Where the gray road wanders out.

We have often seen how life
Might grow stale along the road;
Sorrow, struggle, greed and strife,
Old age with its heavy load;
Then, as some far light might gleam
We can look, apart from fear,
Some day to a newer dream
On beyond the Last Frontier.

If the road ends at the grave,
How may that be called forlorn?
Dreamless sleep for all the brave,
For the weary and the worn;
If it wanders throughout space,
Who would know it in advance?
Hear the true-hearts of the race,
"Leave it as a sporting change!"

The Asheville Citizen.

Grantland Rice.

THE HINDU MAIDEN.

Her feet, light leaves of lotus on the lake,
When with the passing breeze they gently shake;
Her movements, graceful as the swan that laves
His snowy plumage in the rippling waves;
Love's pointed darts,—her smiles, soft lightnings are,
Than gold more bright, more sweet than flower-fed air,
Like Heaven unbinding its star-braided hair.

(From the Hindi.)

From regions Himalayan, warmths all lost,
Where scarce the hardiest herb e'er braves the frost,
To the low meadows, balmiest sighs we hear,
While autumn zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
When south winds shake the half extinguished day,
And shake the hills where twilight's lightning's lay,
Ere day upon the threshold of the dawn,
Heard silver music on the mossy lawn,
As rain, invisible did ever sing,
And the melodious dew from fountains bring,
Which out of mossy cells forever burst,
And quench for man and beast the parching thirst,
'Neath smokeless altars of the mountain snow—
Deaf as the sea, the waters ever flow;
Her dark locks swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to bear her dream,
Like summer's hair, like light from beams above,
All things transfigured were, excepting Love.

The Springfield Union.

Perry Marshall.

THE "LOCUSTS."

Out of the teeming earth or air by swarms,

Out of some vague dimension seeming born,
Come groves of winged, wierd, misshapen forms.

What are these creatures? Can you hear that horn

Blowing from dawn till dusk? The sound deceives—

The concert pitch of the Egyptian choir
Singing "Pharaoh, Pharaoh," up among the leaves.

Sun worshippers, they hail the god of fire,

And chant him on his way across the dome,

Hushing their paeon with the fall of dew,
After an age of groping 'neath the loam,
Producing o'er their heads a crop anew.

Each lunar year and generations one

Upon another that each season brings,
They seek baptism of the air and sun;
And push above the earth and spread their wings.

Then back they go within a few short weeks,

The living and the dying to the soil,
The dead to join the dust—the living seeks
The gleby subways for their week of toil.

What ends of Nature do they serve in this

Creation's seventh age, that she retains
A form of life the world would hardly miss
Among our fauna of the woods and plains?

Sole relics of conditions long forgot,

Back in the planet's childhood, in the past,
The remnant of some paleozoic lot
Of fossils they were destined to outlast.

In bondage of some ancient habit's role,

They linger past the term of their decay,
While other forms advancing to some goal
Merge into life and pass them on the way.

In what primeval age—has it been solved?—

By what adverse climatic spells beset,
Has this race been from lower forms evolved?
Nay, we know not, and Science lisps as yet.

How it has altered thru the early stages
To form, obeying natural laws' demand,
The matrix which endures thru later ages
Unfailing, constant—who can understand?

What is to learn from them? The lesson thus:
That epochs are but jots in Time's archives;
The laws that made Cicadas moulded us,
The worthiest and the fittest that survives.

Gave to the immortal sculptors, Life and Death,
Our clay into their hands, their careful hands,
And tho we take the common air in breath,
What nobler views our sturdy race commands!

AND this: In some late age, Cicada-wise,
Long after generations of new suns
And dynasties of gods, we shall arise
From our earth stage and join the Higher Ones.
The Jacksonville Daily Courier. *John Kerns.*

LINES TO A ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT.

Oh, garment so shady, they say that no lady
Could stand for your snugness so trim;
Than Venus though fairer, they hail her ensnarer,
With you in the swim.

Though masculine creatures with globular features
And tummies en silhouette high,
Can stroll on the beaches, no slender young peaches
Shall dare meet the eye.

Though ponderous matrons in things built like aprons
Can drippingly pose in their might,
The flabby and chestless, the thin-shanked and restless
Can injure our sight.

You scanty embraces are shocking on graces
And lovely Dianas in tan;
The righteous won't spare her whose figure is fairer
And pleasing to man.

Oh, garment revealing, the delicate feeling,
So shocked by the limbs that you show
Marks civilization which the next generation
Will be shocked at, you know.

The Miami Herald. *Marjory Stoneman Douglas.*

PREPARE.

Make ready your hearts to receive Him,
For the dear Babe is now on His way.
He will soon reach the cattle filled stable,
His refuge upon Christmas Day.
There's a hay filled manger in Bethlehem town
All ready to take in the King of renown.

There is no heart too lowly to take Him,
For He comes to the rich and the poor
Alike in His wonderful glory,
He comes to each waiting heart's door.
Make ready, the great King is now on His way,
So prepare Him a dwelling in which He may stay.

The Buffalo Commercial. *Phoebe A. Naylor.*

TO A PUGILIST.

Swift gliding through the rounds; I see you still
Under bright lights, your glistening body wet
And dripping like a swimmer's, with the sweat
Of your great toil; and as the furious mill
Grinds fiercely on, I marvel at the skill
With which you flit from danger, hard beset
By your blood-covered foe. Tireless, you fret
Him with your well-aimed batteries until,

Conviction forming with the conflict's trend,
Thrilled by your sure, compelling mastery
Of thought and action timed to fine accord,
The crowd acclaims you victor ere the end,
Which comes at your swift choosing, suddenly,
With lightning blows that numb like piercing sword.

The Milwaukee Journal. *Charles Winke.*

ADVENTURE.

They called it just a book. It came
At Christmas with the other things.
They called it just a book . . . To me,
An eager child, it seemed to be
A great white ship that sailed the sea—
A ship with silver wings!

They called it just a book, and said
'Twas mine to keep. They never knew
How far from home I fared that year—
To palm-fringed beaches, white and queer,
Where swaggered many a buccaneer,
And opal dreams came true!
A book . . . They never knew.

The Des Moines Register. *Helen Cowles LeCron.*

WHAT MATTER?

Somewhere a Malice denies us;
On Something our spear points are bent;
Lo, ever the song and the singer
Are broken and bruised and forespent.

Hourly we die; but what matter?
New singers shall rise to new hills
Upon our piled bodies. New beauty
Shall lift with new meaning. New wills

Shall harvest new light on new hilltops,
To push through a fraction of night;
To win but an inch from the darkness;
To fashion new ways for sight.

Slowly a white trampled Justice
Moves on through its Calvaried track;
Enough that we move with its music;
Enough that we turn not back.

The New York Times.

Mary Seagrist.

TWO BY TWO.

Look the morn!
O what a fine surprise!
The sun begins to rise,
The birds begin to sing,
The vines are shaky things
With songs and little wings!
Rosebuds are opening
On sweet briars for you—
If you pick one, pick two.
Rosebuds are opening—
If you pick one, pick two.

One to another leans,
Leaf loves a leaf—it's so!
And bud loves bud—I know!
And all the loving means
That flowers say to you—
"If you pick one, pick two."

Look the morn!
The sweet buds opening
On ev'ry briery thing,
And bobbing stripey pinks,
The same dear queerness have,
The same queer dearness have,
One to another thinks
Its loving says to you—
"If you leave one, leave two."
The loving says to you—
"If you leave one, leave two."

One to another leans,
Leaf loves a leaf—it's so!
And bud loves bud—I know!
And all the loving means
To show the joy to you
Of being two by two.

The Oakland Tribune.

Di Santo Spero.

PUMAS.

Hushed, cruel, amber-eyed,
Before the time of the danger of the day,
Or at dusk on the boulder-broken mountainside,
The great cats seek their prey.

Soft-padded, heavy-limbed,
With agate talons chiseled for love or hate,
In desolate places wooded or granite-rimmed
The great cats seek their mate.

Rippling, as water swerved,
To tangled coverts overshadowed and deep
Or secret caves where the canyon's wall is curved,
The great cats go for sleep.

Seeking the mate or prey,
Out of the darkness glow the insatiate eyes,
Man, who is made more terrible far than they,
Dreams he is otherwise!

The New York Evening Post.

George Sterling.

PATRICIA REED.

The days have gone when the minstrel bards would
sing their inspiring lays
And the troubadors are no longer heard as they were
in the olden days,
Yet for you who still love a stirring tale of somebody's
daring deed,
And of clean romance, I will tune my harp for the tale
of Patricia Reed.

A child of the old and changing West, she stood in the
ranchhouse door
And looked o'er the fields her father'd wrought from
the desert years before.
The long brown house of adobe and sod since childhood
had been her home,
And the land as far as the eye could see but a place
for the stock to roam.

The Silver Creek, as 'twas always called for its waters
of sparkling sheen,
Had watered the land her father owned and kept all
his meadows green.
But the fields she looked out upon this day were brown
in spots, and the sun
Glittering down like a brassy ball would scorch e'er
the day was done.

And where Silver Creek had always laughed and
sparkled inside its bed
There was naught but sun-bleached rocks that lay like
monuments to the dead.
For men had come from out 'of the East and had
quietly bought the right
To build a reservoir in the hills in a high and lonely
site.
Where they dammed the creek that had slacked the
thirst of the fields of the rancher Reed,
And of those who lived on down the creek—and their
plight was sad indeed.
They had come and slaved for their ranches there as
pioneer only must,
And now the law was upholding men who would turn
their fields to dust.
For the eastern men demanded they pay prohibitive
prices to get
The water rights, or sell their farms at prices the
company set.

They had formed a syndicate to buy the land that
scarcely had known the plow,
And were bringing a bunch of settlers new into the
valley now.
Well, most of the settlers struggled along until forced
to meet the demand,
Then sold their ranches and left the place to the fat
promoters of land,
Who sold the property, well-improved through years
of patient toil,
For treble the money that they had paid, and laughed
at their ill-gained spoil.

But the rancher Reed held stubbornly out, his face
grew furrowed and lined,
And he fell one day in the field at work, dizzy, and
faint and blind;
And Patricia stood in the door that day with a hot
rage flushing her cheek,
Then suddenly strapped on her belt and gun and
leaped on her mustang sleek.

She rode to a field where Mexican Pete, her father's
servant for years
Was working, and gave him some quick commands and
laughed when he voiced his fears.
She showed him her belt and her gun, and said in a
voice that was steel in tone,
"We're going to water my daddy's fields—and they
best had leave us alone."

So she rode to a drop in the company's ditch and then
she commanded Pete,
Who was driving a team and plow, to start, for soon
enough they would meet
A company rider, and Pete must plow the lateral while
she stayed
And kept at bay the company man—and her heart was
unafraid.

She was not so tall, but she sat so straight and her
shoulders were square and slim,
And her eyes and hair were soft and dark and her
cheeks like a pink cloud's brim.
Far down the ditch two riders came as Pete let the
waters in
With a rush to moisten the thirsty ground, and up
went Patricia's chin
As she waited grimly with gun in hand to bicker with
those who sought
To keep them from watering drying crops—and her
features were set and taut.

Young Ferguson just had come from the East to help
with his father's schemes
And was riding the ditch that afternoon with the rider,
and dreaming dreams.
They saw the girl and the man who plowed and came
at a swinging pace
Till they reached a spot where the girl called "Halt!"
and looked them square in the face;
Then spoke in ringing and scornful tones, and watched
their hands at their hips,
And Ferguson's face burned, not from the sun, at the
words that fell from her lips:

"I'm taking the water you stole from us with your lies
and your well-placed gold,
For the cattle moan and the crops dry up, and father
has grown too old
To hunt new fields because you have come and demand
that he starve or sell.
So keep away or I'll shoot you both—and there's no
water rights in Hell."

Then Ferguson turned to the company man, "Is it true
what the girl has said?
Have we cheated the early settlers here? Deny them
the water instead
Of selling it to them as to the ones the company lately
brought?"
"We'd sell them the water," the man replied, "but
some of 'em raged and fought."

"Yes, you would sell the water to us for more than
the crops would bring,"
Patricia said, "And law or not, one move and the
angels sing."
But Ferguson stood with his hat in hand and bowed
like a cavalier,
"The water is yours as long as you wish," he answered
in accents clear,
"And to make quite sure that no one tries to stop what
you've tried to do,
I'll send the rider on up the line—and stay by the
ditch with you."

Oh, his eyes were blue and his hair so dark, waved
back from his forehead, white,
And his smile was such that Patricia blushed and
shoved her gun out of sight.
And the Reed crops thrived all the season through, for
the water was ever there,
Since Ferguson spent all the next few months just
seeing they got their share.
But I've often thought had Patricia's hair not been
such such a lovely shade,
And her eyes so dark and her lips so red, the man
might never have stayed

To help her see that her father's crops would not be
lost, but instead,
He might have laughed and have gone his way—but
Patricia and he were wed.
And the only rights that they quarrel o'er now are the
rights of young Junior Pat,
Who insists he's old enough for a gun, but his mother
denies him that.
The Kansas City Star. *Velma West Sykes.*

LARRIE O'DEE.

Now the widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Misthress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs."
"Indade, sur, it is!" answered Widow McGee
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larry O'Dee.
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдently near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yet keep a cruel petition betwane."

"Shwate Widow McGee,"

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be running two rigs?
Och! it made my heart ache whin I paped through the
cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a-shtompin' yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin' wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she,

"Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his delicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell jisht what I must do,
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.
The Kansas City Star. *W. W. Fink.*

AN EVEN SONG.

The fire-flies gleam, the night hawks wheel
Across the jeweled sky;
Swift night draws near on noiseless feet,
The breeze-kissed tree-tops sigh,
Come fly with me on phantom steeds,
The night awaits us—fly

Through dim bazaars—by mystic shrines,
Beloved, our journed leads
Through Trebizond—grim towered Troy
And ghostly cloistered Thebes.
Make haste, Beloved! The spell is on
As the dim Past recedes.

Come fly with me through spicy isles
Where pirate proas prey;
Where sapphire sea meets arching sky
As dawn fades into day.
Awake, Beloved, the future's ours;
Make haste, nor look, nor stay!

The Kansas City Star.

C. H. M.

THE FIRE-EATER.

The motor crouches by the country road
Behind its glaring headlights. When it goes
It follows, fiercely sucking up, the light
With purring thirst, and where the headlight showed,
A moment past, the seething darkness flows.
In blue-black undulating waves of light
The monster streams away across the night.

A strange fire-eater, eating its own fire
In gulping haste; the darkness closes in
Engulfingly, and presses close behind.
The wind goes singing through the vibrant wire,
The motor, like a flying thing of sin,
Goes gulping yellow fire along the wind,
A strange fire-eating thing without a mind.
The New York Times. *Violet McDougal.*

EBB TIDE OF THE YEAR.

Do you not see and hear
Already is the ebb tide of the year,
Though it should seem no more
Than a first wave retreating down the shore?
"No, no," you say, "for still
Noon empties his hot arrows on the hill;
And many are the flowers
And ardent hued to mark the sun bright hours!"

I answer: Though the moon
Flames on the hill, when has night brought such boon
Of cooling drink outpoured—
Deep Sleep—the oldest vintage ever stored;
While the tree cricket plays,
Moving his slender wings of chrysophrase,
And searching is the sigh
Of the low wind through leaves grown crisp and dry!

And, as for many flowers,
Look how—like ladies from their windowed towers,
The bloom creeps ever higher
On foxglove and on evening primrose spire
Until the last flower-bell
With kisses tells aloft its world farewell!

No birds in nests: they fare
In flocks afar—no mated lovers are there.
Silver yon stubblefields
Where her swift shuttle the gray weaver wields.
Red gold, the great orb'd sun
Leans yearningly toward earth, day being done.
Some beauty—past all guards,
Each evening will be slipping heavenwards!

Summer's old heart is tired,
Beats fitfully, but Time cannot be hired.
You will not have it so?
Too young! These aging signs you will not know!
More wise—or sad, am I:
So many a year has bidden me Good-by!
The New York Herald. *Edith M. Thomas.*

HOME.

Two little feet a-pattering down the street,
Two little hands outstretched in childish glee,
Two little lips a-puckered for a kiss—
A welcome that a king might envy me.

A little home to call my very own.
(How man can love the things that are all his)—
And at the door your eyes like beckoning stars—
Thank God for every little home that is.
The Kansas City Star. *Katherine Edelman.*

THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

The key to success is not silver or gold
It's not made of copper or steel,
But a longing, a sigh, and a yearning to try,
A yearning for learning, a burning to try
To climb to the goal where a soul dwells to bless.
That, you can see, is the key to success.

The key to success no man ever gave,
No man ever purchased for gold,
For it springs from the things that a perfect life brings,
A willing for stilling the baser thoughts filling,
To merit our place with the grace we possess,
And it's free as the sea, is the key to success.
The Kansas City Star. *Robin A. Walker.*

HOPES.

Though wintry winds blow cold and drear
Across the bleak, bare ways,
I know Spring waits on anxious feet
The luring, gladsome days.

So, too, when clouds of gloom and doubt
Oppress and shadow me,
I know that some time through the clouds
The star of Faith I'll see.

The Kansas City Star.

Katherine Edelman.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

(The author of "Green Mansions" died August 18, 1922.)*

When the clock ticks too loudly, counting the pulse of
night,

When dawn with a face like twilight's comes to the
pane,

Often I open my eyes on your desert of utmost grief,
O master,

That soundless plain

Where a man might sit for a thousand years like a
stone,

Brooding, his head bowed over his knees—

"In the middle of a vast plain," alone,

While nights go by like these.

I remember—A misty serpent hung from the cliff,

That night when at last your fever of journeying
broke,

To wave you back from Roraima.

Ah, if

Her snowy ashes, as light as smoke,

Mingled with roots and herbs weighed down your
heart.

They kindled before your gaze a numbling vision:

An endless serpent (creature of opulent art!)

Crawling to match your steps in his cold derision,

Vengeful for that dark snake that you killed in his
sleep,

With the "blue-white, icy, lidless eyes"

That still in the jungle reproachful vigil keep

Though the slayer flies.

In the echoing midnight

You shouted into the forest for her who would never
again be there,

Finding her wilderness rapture in your Green
Mansions—

The light at play on her strangely sparkling hair.
Could it be a race of little "troubadour monkeys,"

Strumming up in the boughs, guitar on knee?

It was only her speech, the tongue of a vanished people
Who spoke in a far off time, melodiously:

A people who went to their end with her, in fire,
Whom only you could see.

Green Mansions, leaves of the woods, endure not here.

The berries are blazing out on the mountain ash
In the North where you never came.

It is almost time for our humming birds to flash
Over the Gulf to your land of sleeping flame,
But following that "low star" past the cruel savanna,
Your acolyte would find

Forever rebuilt in the South your murmuring
Mansions,

And undivined

In many a spirit, green as those leaves forever,
One tragical story shrined.

*W. H. Hudson.

The New York Evening Post.

Marian Storm.

THE SUBWAY ACCIDENT.

You could hear 'em screaming from down under the
ground—

Shrieking and struggling and calling—

Horrible sounds coming up through the grating of the
subway

Into the bright sunshine of the street—

Men and women and children, choking and strangling.

A hundred feet under the ground.

Gassed they was!
And then they was dragged up and stretched out on
the sidewalks,
Hundreds of 'em—
With doctors and firemen and nurses working over
'em,
Pumping air into 'em.
Gassed.
And the crowds gathered and jammed around, white,
they was so excited.
Why, the whole city was just like that—clean white
with excitement.

Gee! I couldn't help but think of them days in France
When men was gassing other men—
On purpose—
Meant to—
Men with lungs just as tender as them folks' lungs in
the subway.
(But, Gee, you never saw a guy just fresh gassed, did
you?
With his awful eyes, and that stuff oozing out of the
corners of his mouth.)
Say, this is what I mean,
We all done it on purpose, you see—
Gassed each other.
We gassed the Germans to make the world safe—
For something or other.
And they gassed us because they said
We wouldn't let 'em have a place in the sun—
Or something like that.
Anyway, here's what I'm trying to say:
It wasn't no accident then;
We all done it on purpose.
And everybody said "Hooray!"
(Except the fellows with that stuff oozing out of the
corners of their mouths.)
Yes, New York said "Hooray," too.
New York didn't wring her hands over them boys that
was gassed.
(And even now they keep spitting up rotten lungs,
and dying.)

Oh, it ain't that I'm not sorry for them folks that got
gassed in the subway—

Only—

Well, folks are just funny, that's all.

The New York Call. *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

THE OLD MUST PASS.

I feel a better earth is surely coming,
The first streaks of its dawn are in the sky,
Dark, ancient forms, all bitter and benumbing,
Will in that clearer era fade and die.
I sense the tumult of the hateful struggle
Waged by the troops of selfishness to hold
The fortresses wherein their masters snuggle,
Clutching their bags of ill-begotten gold.

For love, my brothers, was this planet fashioned,
From love's dear hand it spins the trails of space
And only love, by noblest dreams impassioned,
Can brighten it for every human face.
So pray I morn and eve to God, the Planner,
Whose eye forsees beyond all rims of time,
To gather soon beneath love's selfless banner
The misled children of each dusk-wrapt clime.

The New York Call. *Will Chamberlain.*

A WHIFF OF TAR.

Fresh tar that issues from a bridge new built
Across a prairie river fringed with trees;
A scorching summer noon: a cooling breeze;
A ridge of rosin weeds in gleaming gilt;
A maiden, galloping her steed full tilt,
Dismounting with an acrobatic ease;
A buzzard circling blue, ethereal seas;
A linnet lighting on a limb to lilt.

What alchemistic life the odors give
To dead remembrances! I had forgot
That I possessed this mental negative,
Snapped many years ago upon the spot,
Until, removing to a town to live,
I breathed the paving liquid, melting hot.

The Sioux City Journal. *Willis Hudspeth.*

AT SEA.

Just rolling, tossing, pitching, with every restless
swell—

That mush we ate for breakfast is stirring things up
well.

That coffee and those hot cakes are playing tag inside.
That grape-fruit hears the fishes that live in every tide.

Just rolling, tossing, pitching—I'd give my Sunday hat
To have this boat be quiet, or sink right off the bat.

At first I think I'm dying; then I'm afraid I can't.

"I'll sail upon the ocean no more, no more!" I chant.

The spray is splashing madly. The prow dips in the
foam.

Tho poor and very humble, there's no place quite like
home.

The Seattle Argus.

Helen Emma Maring.

THE COW AND THE PIG AND THE HEN.

The farmer smiled as he passed them by—

The cow and the pig and the hen;

For the price of wheat had gone sky-high,

And the cow and the pig and the hen

They ate up grain he could sell at the mill,

They needed his care when nights were chill,

He swore of them all he'd had his fill —

The cow and the pig and the hen.

These barnyard cattle had had their day,

The cow and the pig and the hen.

He could get thirty bones for a ton of hay—

No need for the cow or the hen.

He never would milk another cow,

He hated the sight of a grunting sow,

And raising chickens was work for the frau,

Good-bye to the cow and the hen.

They gave no heed to his jeer or frown,

The cow and the pig and the hen.

Whatever goes up, said they, comes down,

The wise old cow and the hen.

The hen laid eggs the winter thru,

The cow gave milk and the piggy grew,

But hay dropped down from thirty to two —

Oh, the cow and the pig and the hen!

Now he sits and sighs, as he counts the cost,
For the cow and the pig and the hen.
He almost cries for the milk he's lost,
The cow and the pig and the hen.
He'd tend them gladly in mud and rain,
And scrap his acres of hay and grain,
If he only could buy them back again,
The cow and the pig and the hen.

Boise Statesman.

A. H. Upham.

THE LITTLE COPPER BUTTON.

He is bowed and old today
And goes limping down the way,
With the little copper button on his breast;
And few notice as he goes,
And few think, of even those,
Of the days when he went marching with the best.
But that little copper thing,
If you pause, will mem'ries bring
Of what's proudly writ upon a fadeless page;
How his valor and his truth,
In his far-off days of youth,
Wrought the mighty deeds that glorified the age.
'Tisn't just an old man there,
Bended form and whitened hair,
Slowly plodding now the careless street adown;
'Tis a vision of a Past
That shall deathless ever last
In majestic, blazing glory of renown.
Look with patriotic eyes—
There the shot-torn banner flies;
There the long array of bayonets stands fast;
There the flashing sabers shine;
There the black guns swing in line,
And earth trembles with the shock of cannon blast.
There the battle colors proud
Stream above the rolling cloud,
Where the iron hearts drive in the iron ships;
And the thunder of the guns
Seaward rolls and inland runs,
Mingled with the cheers that roar from loyal lips.

There the wounded and the dead
Lie on battle's gory bed;

There they sink beneath the crimsoned, salted wave;
There in noisome prison-pen,
That may live the rights of men,

Heroes starve and die to sleep in nameless grave.

There, full triumph in review,
Come the victors, faithful, true,

While the Nation hails its new salvation won;
And the glory that they share
Through all years to come they wear,

While the Stars and Stripes shall greet the shining
sun.

This and more than this I see,
As his bent form passes me,

With the little copper button on his breast,
And at quick salute I stand,
Lifted soul as lifted hand,

As I hail the Nation's heroes, Freedom-blest.

The Franklin News-Herald. William P. F. Ferguson.

CALLING.

TO INA DONNA COOLBRITH
Alameda, May 29, 1922

The skies of blue that bend above the bay
Seem listening for your voice; and all

The rounded hills lift up their heads and call,
But hear no echo. Down the sunny day
The soft winds wander, but I hear them say

They cannot find you; and the birds that fly
Across the hillside seek in vain. The shy
Wild flowers droop, and wonder why you stay.

Beneath the same blue sky the old friends wait;

The flowers bloom, the birds sing sweet and clear—
And hark! The waves that break in snowy foam
Against the rocks that guard the Golden Gate

Are calling to you—surely you must hear!—

The throbbing summons, "Home!"

Come home! Come home!"

The San Francisco Call.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

A DEAD BIRD ON THE STATE HIGHWAY.

Small aviator of the field and road;

Explorer of the fallow scope and waste;

Proclaimer of true joy at man's abode;

Sweet minstrel rendering your song with taste

Alike to all: crushed, bleeding, pretty head

Upturned, you lie upon the highway dead.

Your forbears bore me on their flashing wings

From post to stake and isolated tree,

From babyhood to where the eagle swings

His shadow thwart the sun—O tragedy!

The tidbit for your fledgings last you found

Lies near you, mother, killed while nestward bound.

As coursing low in undulating flight

Along the ribbon of the State Highway

Where feverish humanity, upon its white

Interminable length, outspeeds the day.

O'ertaken, stunned, you fell beneath the wheels

Unwept, so light the mind of traffic feels.

The Evening Republican.

L. C. Seal.

THE TOILERS.

Brown faces of immatured senility

Twisted into an ecstasy of unshaped satiation.

Eyes that are huge, tumultuous flares of light

Peering athwart the forced austerity of tiredness.

Your hugely-muscled, stalwart arms

That lift the mammoth weight of majestic industry,

Branch up from your broad Herculean shoulders

In a magnificence of thronged power.

Reeling on the verge of eagerness

You shift about—

Throughout the night you are hurled

In a confused heave of struggling illusions,

Under the machinal flights of those moistened walls,

Under those black, moistened walls of disregarded

futility.

Facing this Giant monument of bitterness—

Your thoughts!

Amid the incessant whirrs of the maniac motors,
Are smashed into fragments of an irresolved dream,
And you are swept on! On!
By the involuntary rapids of meniality
In frenzied whirls of humiliation!
On! On!

Il Caroccio.

Pascal D'Angelo.

THE YELLOW RIBBON.

Now runs a ribbon through September meads,
A yellow ribbon where the blooms have spread,
Along the roadside and by swaying reeds,
That lift their slender stalks from river bed.

Here truly is a field of Cloth of Gold
That knows no tournament or knights' bright lance,
Untrod save where the carefree locusts hold
Unending revels at the Fall's advance.

Too soon shall this rich treasury be swept
Far down the fruited year that swiftly wanes,
Mourned by the beauty seekers of the world,
A fleeing memory in Autumnal rains.

The New York Sun.

Thomas J. Murray.

AMBITION.

I thought: with this labor done,
I have reached the top;
But with the task accomplished,
I cannot stop;

It matters not which way I turn,
There is so much to do,
That, struggle and strive as I may,
I am never through.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Floyd Meredith.

MY WINDOWS.

Three windows in my House of Life
Look out three different ways.
One turns with wistful longing
To the Road of Yesterdays;
And watches how the shadows
Of the poplars, slim and tall,
Point mutely at remembered days,
And silence over all.

And one looks out with eager eyes
Upon the Street of Now,
And sees the passers up and down,
And greets them with a bow.
The little street is frankly gay,
With checkered shade and shine,
And busy, too, with bustling joys
That wait on me and mine.

The other window turns away
From Yesterday and Now,
And not a single backward glance
Its vision will allow.
Its gaze leaps out to hills afar;
Its clear eyes, purged from tears,
Up through the deathless pines can trace
The The Path of Coming Years.

And sometimes when the sun is down,
And I am all alone,
The little windows beckon me,
For they are quite my own,
And seem to love me, every one.
At each I stand and look,
And read their little stories
Like the chapters of a book.

The first one fills and thrills me through
With happiness and pain;
The next—I'm drenched with starlight,
And then I'm splashed with rain.
But the other window draws me,
And I smile through rainbowed tears,
For I read a happy ending
Down the Path of Coming Years.

The New York Times.

Barbara Young.

DOWN THE DRIFT OF DREAMS.

Down the drift of dreams come many things
In the silent watches deep and long—
The bright flutter of autumnal wings
And the murmur of ascending song.

Love, would all these golden dreams were true,
Their beguiling glammers and their gleams,
For through some ethereal magic you—
You are ever present in my dreams!

The New York Herald.

Clinton Scollard.

MATILDA.

For forty years for all the countryside
She wrote the epitaphs, and Sanders wrought
In marble and in slate her simple thought
To comfort hearts that grieved for those who died.
Her book of verse was tombstones scattered wide,
Each stone a page, whereon the rhymed lines sought
To phrase the old, old dreams with longing fraught,
And warnings of the day by none denied.

At sixty years of age, she sensed the end,
And ere she died wrote plainly in her will
That not a word be written on her stone:
And willing so, she never dreamed she penned
A mystery that haunts the valley still—
On other stones her lines, none on her own!

The New York Times.

Arthur Wallace Peach.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

When dad was a little boy,
Years ago.
Wasn't any 'lectric lights—
Dad says so;
Lamp-posts stood along the street,
For the lighter-man to keep—
And the lamp-post man would light them just before
Boys went to sleep—
Years ago.

When the sun set, and the dark
Grew and grew,
Then the light-man with his stick
He came, too ;
Came out of the night somewhere.
With slouch hat and queery air,
And a ladder, and he climbed each post, and lit the
lamp, that's what—
He'd do !

When the evening hour came,
And twilight,
And the stars began to shine
In the night—
Everything was mystery ;
In his dreamy thoughts he'd see
This old queery, funny lighter-man come sailing 'cross
the sea !
At twilight.

When the lamp-post man came 'round,
Years ago,
Then the Sand-Man, he came, too—
He did so !
When the lamp-posts all were lit,
Boy began to doze a bit,
For the Sand-Man and the lighter-man were brothers
—guess that's it !
Dad says so !
The Chicago Tribune.

R. N. Risser.

TWILIGHT BREEZE.

When in summer you sit in a parkway shade,
And small twilight breezes from nowhere rise,
And the branches above you are slightly swayed,
You will not listen, if kind and wise.

For these are the little betraying airs
That have hovered round lovers' lips and brows
And carry their kisses and sweet despairs
To the indiscreet leaves on a thousand boughs.

When in autumn a twilight stroll you take,
And there's none on the once loved path but you,
When all around you strange whispers awake,
Half in reproach and half in rue—

It is only the voice of the cynic wind
Telling the leaves of quick broken vows;
And you, if you be both wise and kind,
Will say, "'Tis but gossip of aged boughs!"

The New York Herald.

Edith M. Thomas.

WHEN GENE RETURNS.

My thoughts by day, all lead the way
That I expect my Gene.
By dusty road and field new mown
By trees along the way,
And bushes, too, 'neath skies of blue,
Upon a summer day.

My dreams at night have less of light,
But still I see my Gene.
The moon is pale, for cloudy vail,
Now floats along so light.
The night birds call, the owl and all,
My dream goes on, at night.

Oh, Gene, my Gene, in thot and dream
I long for you, my Gene,
May you come soon, whether night or noon,
Our lovelike stars gleam.
May time move slow in the afterglow,
For you and me, my Gene.

The Lewisburg Leader.

E. Vernon Moore.

A RADIANT ROMANCE.

Jim popped the question on his knees
To witching Annabel,
Fred sent a special letter his
Adoring love to tell.
Will wrote a sonnet—neatly phrased,
It cannot be denied—
Imploring her in ardent rime
To be his blushing bride.

Ned sent impassioned telegrams,
A dozen in a day,
Beseeching her to change her name
To Mrs. Edward Gray.
But lo! she flouted all of them
And married homely Joe,
Who didn't have a cent, but he
Proposed by radio.

The New York Herald.

Minna Irving.

SETH.

For forty years the frosts heaved at his posts
Which here and there were leveled to the ground;
Across his fields the drab, bent homestead frowned
With dubious stare at slow advancing hosts
Of underbrush and scrubby trees, the ghosts
Of forests by his tireless fathers downed;
The meadows once with whitening harvests crowned
Were bleak as acres on deserted coasts.

He owned three foxhounds; with the tracking right
Their booming voices called, and nought could stay
The gray old man until the game was shot.
The four would trail the fox by day and night,
A week from home, the county's breadth away,
Till once the dogs returned—but he did not.

The New York Times.

Arthur Wallace Peach.

THE WAYWARD ONE.

A thorn might
Prick at my skirt
With its horny finger
To make me stay—
I should not linger,
But tear away,
Yet I might stop
For a rose
Who knows?
If it leaned
Across my way.

The New York Herald.

Abigail W. Cresson.

Here is the tea set great-great-grandma used—
Blue Sevres, a long dead Louis once held dear;
From Wales, great-grandma brought this pitcher
 queer,
And this quaint bowl, with colors subtly fused,
Great-grandpa found in China, when he cruised
From Salem, in the good ship Mary Ann;
While Aunt Faith's Wedgwood Nymphs pursuing
 Pan
Elopement with an English squire excused.

How a collector's heart with joy would dance—
Yet, as I dust them, a vague sadness steals
Across me, at their hints of gay romance
And valiant quest. Each treasured shelf reveals
More haunting charm in one's ancestral tree
Than could a learned genealogy!

The New York Herald.

Charlotte Becker.

THE ANSWER.

How shall you know that I love you?
Words are such pitiful things,
That flutter and fall at my heart's wild call,
Like a bird with broken wings.

How shall you know that I love you?
Dear, lay your golden head
Close to my breast, till my soul has confessed
That you are its wine and its bread.

How shall you know that I love you?
Burn my body with flame . . .
My ashes shall rise in song to the skies,
With the triumph of your name.

The Virginian-Pilot and

The Norfolk Landmark. Virginia Taylor McCormack.

SPRING.

It is Spring.
The dogwood is in bloom.
The violets are flirting with the cow-slips
Down beside the joyous bubbling stream.
The house is still—the others are at church.
I said I would join them there.
Last Sunday I smelt the dust in the carpet;
A man in the choir sang through his nose;
The preacher talked about an awful place called hell.
I wonder if they know
That the cow-slips are in bloom;
That the birds are building nests in the willows by the
stream?
They may not know!
Yet, God will understand,
When he finds me lying beneath the trees,
Down beside the dancing, joyous stream,
Where the violets are flirting with the cow-slips.
If God wants me to go to a musty church on a day
like this,
Why did he make the glorious Out-of-Doors!
The Vienna News. *Scottie McKenzie Frasier.*

THE SPIRIT.

You must not dull the Spirit,
Nor dim its high white light,
For it is the shining presence
Dividing the day from the night.

You must not break the Spirit,
For as long as it rides high
Nothing in all this world
Its power can defy.

You must not kill the Spirit,
For a man whose soul is dead
Is lost to all achievement,
And his final prayer is said.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

George Elliston.

VOICES.

The voices of the living world are mocking me with
laughter,

The voices of the buried dead are mocking me with
pain.

'Tis I must leave the homes of men and up and follow
after

A little voice, a quiet voice, that whispers in the rain.

That whispers in the silver rain and calls me in the
swaying

Of branches lightly held aloft against a tranquil sky,
That breathes upon a troubled lake where little winds
are playing

And lets the trembling wonder grow in ripples
running by.

The words of men, too bold they are, too swiftly heard
and spoken—

I have no need of joy, or grief, or wisdom born of
these!

But I shall find a haven where the hush is only broken

By the echo of a little voice—the gossip of the trees.

The New York Herald.

Helen Frazee-Bower.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

O'er my bed of bright Lantana,
In the warm shine of the Sun,
Is a black and yellow Spider
On the Web that he has spun.

Frail as gossamer its structure ;
Intricate and rare it seems.
How can stupid little Spiders
Ever spin the "stuff of dreams"?

Fearless of my eager interest
There the lazy Spider stays,
Though I gently move his mansion
While his striped body sways.

He will cling against the center,
Waiting for the foolish Fly,
Who is sure to be attracted
When he gayly passes by.

Oh! the Spider and his Victim
Have been used for many years
As a simile of sinning,
And a tragedy of tears.

Can you blame the Fly, however,
If he pauses on the wing,
For a Spider may be wicked,
But a Web's a lovely thing.

It is also full of windows
Where a Fly could flutter through.
(As the Webs of Life are fashioned,
And so many of us *do*.)

There's a chance he may be captured,
And the lesson will be taught.
(As the Webs of Life are fashioned,
And so many, too, are *caught*.)

The New York Times.

Nan Terrell Reed.

THE SPITE-FENCE.

My neighbor built between himself and me
A fence that gloomed my yard; the top was spiked;
It symbolized his spleen and meant that he
Had barred himself from one whom he disliked.

I could not shut my heart against the man.
Above us arched a common sky and shone
A sun that God had meant for all; no ban
Could keep His air and light for one alone.

I thought: The slugs that crawl along the soil,
The birds that climb the air on wings of hope,
The fish that cut the wave, the beasts that toil
And prowl are all within the Master's scope.

All things, inert or having life, are kept
Within the plan of Him who lit the skies;
For Him our earth is but a dust-mote, swept
Through space by energy which He supplies.

And so, in all humility, I went
My way and did what kindnesses I could,
Remembering that all of us are blent,
Despite ourselves, in one great brotherhood.

One day my neighbor stopped me, passing by ;
Of old he never did, but with a frown
Or sneer would hasten on. I heard him sigh.
"Brother," he said, "that fence is coming down!"
The New York Times. *Elias Lieberman.*

THE SALT OF LIFE.

I know love passes and laughter dies,
That the fruited fields grow sterile ;
But never shall life lose witchery
And never its joy grow stale for me
While I may know and feel and see
The urge of an instant peril.

Peril that stabs like a driven spur,
Yet sweet as the song of a mother—
Fear that holds like a trailing hound,
Red death on enfiladed ground,
Dread that swings like a dead thing drowned
In a cross-tide's foaming smother.

Whatever else may come to me
Let fear be never a stranger ;
Let me walk unguarded ways that breed
The instant stroke and the flaming deed ;
Let me thrill to the call of a desperate need.
And the trumpet tones of danger.

The Arkansas Gazette.

C. T. Davis.

MONEY.

I am convenient, the ages say,
And men rely on me,
So if you work in an eager way,
Or toil with a drooping knee,
Whenever you pause by night or day—
You measure the pause by me.

I am a curse—the pious cry
That Satan strikes through me.
So if I'm snared with a cunning lie,
Or won as the gods decree—
Whatever good folks would justify—
They measure its sin by me.

"Much gold—much luck!" some fools declare,
And the idle see Fate in me,
So if I choose by the pains they spare
To rust in the thankless sea —
Whenever they speak of their heart's despair,
They measure their woes by me.

But I am fair, myself, I claim,
And judgment goes with me.
So if you're broken and seek to blame,
Or frank to indorse my plea—
Whatever you do in life's great game—
Just measure your wit by me!

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

Not Time, but the brother of Time am I,
And I house dead men while men shall die;
'Tis mine to bury the world's mistakes—
'Tis mine to cover the wreck man makes.

Not Time, but the brother of Time am I,
And I ply my trade, for men will die;
And all that Time to the grave doth hurry,
'Tis mine to cover—'tis mine to bury!

The clay is gray and the corpse is cold,
And palsy plagues me, for I grow old.
What trade so merry—so merry as mine?

Whenever a soul has made its cry,
My mattock and spade I merrily ply;
I serve the dead to gain my bread
And it brings me gold—and the gold is red!

Who says that my trade is a trade of dread?
There's something wrong with his silly head.
Who says my task is a task that's grim?
The stupid zany! a fig for him!

When I press my lips to a stoup of wine
The dead man smiles and the clay grows fine;
What trade so merry—so merry as mine?

Ah, little guesses the passing crowd,
I mark it often for grave and shroud,
And bide my season; what say'st thou, knave?
What folly to talk of a grave-digger's grave!

The Brattlesboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

EPSTEIN'S STATUE OF CHRIST.

O risen Christ,
Cast in sober bronze,
Hard, austere your face.
Heart-deep reproach graven thereon.
You have lived in vain . . .
Died in vain . . .
But Judas left his silver
To be invested in perpetuity
For your eternal betrayal
And men's unceasing mockery.
They who crucified you
And watched your misery on the cross,
That was to be for Barabbas—
Let off because he was their brother—
How can these Pharisees,
These money-changers,
Driven by your fierce lashings
From sacred places,
Now endure your image
To recall to their memories
What they have done to you
That awesome night at Golgotha,
When, looking down from the cross,
You encountered a swarm of gargoyles' faces,
Distorted with the joys of devils,
And you cried to God your Father:
"O why hast Thou forsaken me?"

And now you are risen again,
Brought to life in bronze,
By one who comprehends your words
And would not have them pass away;
So poured them into this hard and matchless mould.
And pious Caiaphas, turned critic,
Even in priest's garb, comes and mocks,
And forgetting the gargoyles of the Goths,

Cries, "What blasphemy!
 If only Torquemada lived
 To use the thumb-screw and the rack
 On this most bold Jew,
 Who again has resurrected you!"
 When you were flesh and blood,
 You were crucified by men,
 And now they taunt your effigy,
 This changeless shape of bronze,
 Which cannot be crucified nor burnt,
 Nor its gesture forgot,
 That seems to say:
 "Here are pearls . . . pearls . . .
 Pearls are not for swine . . .
 But here they are . . .
 Out of Father's charity . . .
 And look at my poor gashed hand:
 Who takes the pearls
 Must take the nails, too!"

The New York Call.

John Cournos.

THE DOORS.

Doors—always Doors! Along the corridor
 They stand ajar—to left, to right—a score.
 Some are swung wide, some only half, and some
 So little opened, not a hint may come
 Of all that is Beyond. . . . Beyond? Is Life!

Crowd, in the corridor. . . . A surge of Souls.
 Flood-tide. . . . Joys. . . . Agonies. . . .
 A deep bell tolls. . . .
 Beating a Door with white, uplifted hands—
 A woman. . . . Swiftly, swiftly run the sands
 Time keeps his hour-glass filled with. Ruthless Time!

Two stop and speak of love. And they are young.
 Her beauty draws him as the moon the sea.
 So, many eyes and hearts and hands have clung,
 Each craving each, and flouting Destiny.
 There is a Door! One enters. . . . One is left. . . .

How swiftly run the sands of Time. . . . Bereft!
Doors open, beckon and swing to, again. . . .
How the full Cup of Wine draws thirsty men!
Life. . . . How the sight of gold draws on the thief,
Quick, through the opening Door! 'Tis past belief
How often one grotesque fiasco makes
A Fool quite wise. . . . Some little godling shakes
His merry dice. . . . Behold, a fast closed Door,
Where Gardens of Delight had shown before!
Thus Knowledge is achieved, and hardly, too.
Time turns the glass. How swift the sands run
through!

High over all, the Inexorable Three!
And through the Doors the surge of Souls. . . . But
see—
No mercy! Only Justice—is that all?
Justice, that is not just? Dead leaves that fall
From dying trees, less hopeless are than one
Who strives when Atropos has said, "'Tis done."
And will those swift sands never, never stay?

Doors—silent Doors—that swing and swing again.
Life. . . . Love. . . . The banquet-hall. . . . The
cattle-pen. . . .
The Throne. . . . The Cross. . . . Soft rapture.
. . . . Anguish. . . . Naught
Is missing, can be given, begged or bought
Or thrust like nails in palms, like sword in side.
Beyond the Doors is Life. . . . And far and wide. . . .
How very swiftly run the sands of Time!

Which Door—which turn? Where lurks malevolence.
And where awaits the gracious recompense,
That forward-going Souls may surely know
Which is the very way they're set to go?

Nor man, nor god, nor angel marks the Way.
The Doors are open. Choose whiche'er you may,
The sands of Time will swiftly, swiftly run.

The New York Times.

Barbara Young.

ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY.

Oct. 28, 1858—Oct. 27, 1921.

These are the things that have eternal youth:
Calm marble temples that for years have stood,
Proving their simple grandeur firm and good;
And noble thoughts, from every age and place,
That weave a veil for Time's disfigured face;
And kindly deeds that lend their eager hands
To guide blind travelers through life's scorching sands.

And even men may have eternal youth:
Those who have dreamed, then labored for the truth;
Those who have lived to keep God's gift of life
Aloof from sin, unstained by hate or strife,
And then have gone unhurt to walk with Death,
Willing to others with their failing breath
The beauty and the richness they have felt—
Men in their souls akin to Roosevelt.

These are the men that have eternal youth!

The New York Times.

Violet Alleyn Storey.

TRANSMIGRATION.

They shall go out at twilight, far from the tumult and
shaking;

Wearing white shoes of peace, they shall weep no
more;

The moon shall toss them laughter—theirs shall be joy
for the taking,

Through cedared halls of silence they shall open the
door.

No longer shall hot lips parch with a thirst unslaking.

They shall drink at the breast of the earth, as they
drank before.

For them the blossom of sleep shall never unclothe to
an ending,

They shall know the clean friendship of trees, and
the whispering grass.

The roses that tremble with wine when the banquet of
dawn is impending

Shall be theirs as a raiment to wear while the seasons
pass.

No more shall life's minutes of sorrow be close on their
footsteps attending,

They shall mix with the reveling winds on the
heights where the thunders mass.

For their nights shall be carpets of star-dust, spun out
 from a loom ever spinning,
 Their days shall be golden as pollen the daffodil
 hides in her mold;
 Every prize that was lost to them living shall be theirs
 for the work of the winning,
 They shall swim in the heart of the sun, where the
 rivers of light unfold.
 Their Summers of joy shall not end, nor their Winters
 of night have beginning,
 And, tasting the fruit of creation, they shall never
 grow old.
 Swept out on the waters eternal, where midnights are
 merry with flowers,
 They shall ride on the shoulders of rain drops, and
 dance with the sun;
 Theirs shall be belts of dew-diamonds, filched from
 the Summer's green hours,
 Never for them shall be darkness, nor day-birth, nor
 love that is done.
 For Death in his kingdom shall make them the keepers
 of keys to his towers,
 Where visions of peace and of joy kiss every one.
The New York Times. *J. Corson Miller.*

CLEMENCEAU.

Whether you think of him but as a man old and
 croaking,
 Mouthing laments or entreaties;
 Or as a heart-firing trumpet arousing to action
 The soldier and saint in our soul—
 Make no mistake when your eyes look upon him!
 See not a man who has come but to talk,
 Pouring his mindful of thoughts in our lives
 Futile as rain on the rocks.
For I tell you
 This man is a man. He is France.
 Beautiful France on her knees,
 Knees that are worn with the kneeling—
 France with a heart that is sick with the waiting,
 The hoping and longing for us who are heedless,
 Only to look on her kindly.
 Stretching our hand to her fingers to raise her,
 To lift her above her own fear and her grief—
 Fear for her living and grief for her dead.

Crown him with laurels, you great ones who sense him
And all that his coming could mean to us here.
There will be plenty to weave him a chaplet
Of thorns—and so many to press it down tight on his
head,

Tight—till the silver runs red with the tears
From the heart of all France;
Many, so many, to mock him and twist his true words,
Painting them over with sophistry, selfish or vile,
Lest we should walk once again the hard path of duty,
Lest we be faithful to all that is best in us,
Lest we should stand with him back in his France,
Close to the field where our dear dead are lying,
Saying once more to him simply and earnestly,
“Again we are here!”

The New York Times.

Harry Varley.

LET ME SMILE BRAVELY.

My song is stilled—I have no heart to sing.
Age and the world press hard; the day is long,
Tired my breast that once would throb with song
Thrilled by the fire of youth's unending spring;
And I, who raced with Life on joyous wing,
Plod the dull streets amidst the weary throng.

And yet I would not always, free from care,
Put on the cap and bells—souls grow from tears.
Courage from tribulations draws its breath;
I take from life what I have planted there,
And if no harvest greets my ripening years
Let me smile bravely—even unto death!

The Philadelphia Public Ledger.

K. P.

THE LONE PATROL.

Silence and night. The lordly Lion sends
His final challenge to the answering stars;
Then, deep within his jungle lair, he sleeps.
Slumbers his mate. Remote from prowling foe,
Nestle, unconscious, safe, his sheltered brood.

A moving speck against the midnight blue,
The homing Eagle wings. Unhurried, calm,
She seeks her aerie, where solitude
Wraps in security her sleeping young.

The far horizon moves! Gray shadows mar
The blue. On velvet feet the jackal pack
Slinks warily. With greedy eyes they scan
The jungle's rim, where, all unguarded, sleep
The Tiger cubs. What toothsome morsels for
Their covetous jaws! Onward, insatiate,
They creep. Then pause! Before their startled gaze
A towering shape looms, terrible, alert
With bristling neck and eyes aflame he dares
The oncoming foe. The Tiger! Swift as fear,
They huddle, wheel, and melt into the night.

Dawn, and the fading stars. The jungle stirs.
Grandly the Lion scents the morning. Far,
Far overhead the Eagle circles free.
Still on the forest's rim the Tiger wakes,
Lone, battle-scarred, invincible, superb!

The New York Times.

Vilda Sauvage Owens.

THE GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

The mist rose up from the mountain peak,
The sky was marked by a crimson streak,
When a laughing boy ran off to seek
For the gold at the end of the rainbow.

The skies were a-flame with radiant red,
The clouds were glorious overhead
When over the spring-time turf he sped
For the gold at the end of the rainbow!

The tender grass with the dew was wet,
And the clover bloom and the violet
As singing he ran to get
The gold at the end of the rainbow.

The plowman lifted a frowning brow
And dried the sweat as he changed the plow.
"Yon lad is a fool," he cried, "that now
Goes running after the rainbow!"

And the sun-browned sower ceased to sow
As he watched the jubilant youngster go.
Said he, "'Tis the gold of fools, I trow,
That lies at the end of the rainbow!"

And a vagrant called as he loitered past,
"What need to hurry? Don't run so fast;
You'll have for your labor your pains at last,
When you get to the end of the rainbow!"

A dozing beggar behind a hedge
Grinned as he crouched at a haystack's edge.
"Ha, Ha!" he laughed, "I should like a wedge
Of the gold at the end of the rainbow!"

And a maid who was almost husband-high
Followed her smile with a sudden sigh,
Who knew gold or love might lie
At the farther end of the rainbow!

His father frowned when his mother told
Of the childing quest for the fairy gold,
And uttered a vow he would soundly scold
The lad who had chased a rainbow!

But the poet smiled, for the bard was old,
And a whispering angel to him told
That gold there was, Aye a Gate of Gold
Where the world's end reaches the rainbow!

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

THE COWARD.

I lay in a broken city
Whose living all had fled,
Leaving it bleaching as the bones
Of a monster long since dead.
The world seemed barren and empty
And down below in the vale,
Men lay in strange deep slumber
Under the smoke-tents pale.

Far off the sound of thunder
Seemed ominous as doom—
And I heard the cruel weaving
Of Fate upon her loom.
I heard the clicking shuttles,
The snarl and hiss of thread,
Weaving a crimson garment
For the unburied dead.

Across and across the barren
 Shrill shrieking birds had flown—
And I lay my head on a lintel,
 And dreamed of the marsh at home.
Dreamed of slow, brown bayou—
 Of the song of the tall pine tree—
And oh, war seemed like a terrible thing,
 A horrible thing to me!

Then out of the dead came creeping,
 Out of the vale below,
Something torn and bleeding,
 With haggard eyes aglow,
Whispering hoarsely, "Buddy,
 You've got to go back and—and tell
The gunners about that snipers' nest
 In that hidden, rock-walled dell."

"I can't go back through that man trap,"
 I in my terror cried—
But he only whispered, "Buddy—"
 And dropped in the dust and died.
So I crept through the dead and the darkness,
 Where the hellish witch-light played,
And gave the gunners his message,
 But I was afraid—afraid.

They gave me a medal for it,
 When I was able to stand,
And sent me home to the cabin,
 And the flowering marshy land.
But I hung it on his headstone,
 For all the world to see—
For oh, war seems like a terrible thing,
 A horrible thing to me!

The New York Times.

Carolyn M. Lewis.

TO THE ROVER.

A toast to you: Forget us not
 When Fate entices far.
Remember we would choose your lot
 If we could change our star.

While you go forth to roam the earth,
To capture and repel;
Bound by the ties that gave us birth,
Here we must toil and dwell.

Yet on bold hills where we suspect
Your heart shares scenes of strife—
On those stout seas your eyes reflect—
We wish you length of life.

And may you find wide ways and new
Far from the walls of care;
And may our dreams bring luck to you
As only dreams would dare!

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

THE STATUE AND THE FLAME.

Now Allah turned unto the Man-To-Be;
Showed him a Marble of entrancing grace,
And then a Flame, pure white, that lit all space.
"Choose which you will," said he.

"O Allah"—so the Man-To-Be replied—
"How may I see the Form without the Light?
You offer empty day, or empty night. . . .
I choose them both!" he cried.

"Well spoken!" Allah said. "You have been bold,
But only courage make existence whole;
Once separate this Body from this Soul,
The earth must grow moon-cold."

* * * * *

Two sons the earth-life gave him; and his heart
Spake from his lips to guide their way aright:
"Tend well the Flame, and keep the Marble white,
Nor place them far apart!"

The Man lived . . . died. His sons could not agree
To share the birthright. O'er the new-placed sod
One seized the Statue as his household god;
And one, the Flame took he.

* * * * *

The age-long feud brawls on to waste mankind.
But for the Flame, the Thew-men's day were night;
But for the Form, Mind-men were leprous-white.
Yet both fight on, rage-blind.

Both find the half of truth Illusion's lie,
Yet wrangle for their little half of truth;
They teach their children death; debauch their
youth;
Debase age to a sigh.

When shall we Form and Flame together see,
Green leaves no longer dripping bloody dew?
When will the Thew-men and the Mind-men fuse,
And half-men cease to be?
The New York Herald. *Arthur Powell.*

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Day flickers into dusk; the street lamps flower
Like saffron poppies in the heart of night;
The petals of the snow drop hour on hour
Until earth blossoms like a rose of white.
Midnight and silence; calm, cold hills look down
Upon a valley stretching still and far;
Low in the east beyond the little town
Glimmers the Christmas candle of a star.
The New York Herald. *Elizabeth Scollard.*

THE QUEST.

I have listened to world adventurers
Spin tales of a rousing theme,
And held my breath as they wove again
The threads of a vivid dream.
I have marshaled my reason with keen array
While the spell of their dreams was rife,
And worried to think if their tales were true—
How much did I know of life!

They told of hills in the flaming dawn,
Of nights when they galloped the plain,
When the song in their hearts was a trumpet blast
That rang with the hope of gain.
The lure of their rusting blades today
Still gleams like a hungry knife,
Though the eager edge of their strength is gone—
And I wonder if that is life!

They have boasted of dice with a reckless lust,
When their winnings were hard to hold;
Or the turn of the cards, when a single cut
Meant more than the loss of gold;
Of giving their all to a luckless pal,
Who, fighting, fell in the strife,
And it wasn't the giving they miss the most—
So I wonder if that is life!

I have listened at length to their banter bold,
And swallowed their tongue's parade.
When their eyes replied and their pulse beat high
To the glance of a comely maid:
And it wasn't the paint or the silken hose,
Or the love that crowns a wife,
But the quest of it all, that holds them yet—
So I know that the quest is life!

The Kansas City Times.

Lowe W. Wren.

OH, LOVE IS LIKE A BROOK TO SING!

I hid the poignant passion in the confines of my heart.
Portentous Love I batted down with necromatic
art,
But when I slid the hatches back and found him
standing near,
I knew the smother of his arms would banish every
fear,
For Love he is a rosy thing,
And Love he is a cloud,
And Love is like a brook to sing—
To dance and laugh aloud.
I bow my head and bide my time—what will he bring
to me,
This cooing dove, this roistering Love that clamors
constantly?
For Love he is a roisterer and Love he swaggers bold.
A noisy careless blusterer is Love—and hard to hold.
Oh, Love is like the tide that makes
The murmur of the sea;
He rides a spume-white breaker, wakes
A storm, then scuttles free.
Oh when I bind the hatches down and life once more
begin,

I will not bar the Love-God out, I'll lock the rascal in.
My Love is such a pretty thing I would not have him
 stray,
But Love is like a brook to sing, to dance and run
 away.

The New York Sun.

Jessie Wellborn Smith.

THE LITTLE WORLDS.

The little worlds all set apart
So loved by many a wistful heart
Are gardens fair and green and still
Where lovely flowers their sweetness spill.

So sweet are they the soul forgets
All fear and longing and regrets
For in these gardens worlds apart
The seeking ones find Peace o' Heart.

Springfield Sunday Republican.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.

FIFTY FOR FULFILLING.

We were playing Bridge—
I bid: "Two Hearts," minus the ace,
"Two without," she said and looked at me,
And I, half carelessly,
A smile upon my face,
Doubled—
Her colleague's eyes looked troubled,
And then she smiled—

Of course, my partner led my suit to me,
And I began to be afraid
That Bridge, unfortunately,
Was not the only game she played—
You understand,
My heart was in her hand.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Floyd Meredith.

THEIR MONUMENT.

In Athens old when the Muses reigned,
So the record historic runs,
Her Pericles in a tribute of praise
Thus spoke of her valiant sons:
"Their fame shall live in granite and bronze
Through the years beyond our ken,
But their monument that shall grow not old
They reared in the hearts of men."

The river of time, with its winding flow,
Is an onward moving stream.
The years that are gone in part we know,
Of the years to come we dream:
And lo! from the promise of yesterday,
From today with its augury,
A vision fair of the future dawns,
And a tribute yet to be.

The harvest waves on the battlefields
And the echoes of discord cease.
At Armageddon was won at last
The palm of enduring peace.
In the welter of carnage and reckless hate
This planet shall reek no more,
And the flower of the nations shall go not again
To the suicide of war.

For knightly souls since the days of old,
The laurel wreath and bay;
For the soldier sons who conquered war,
A glory that fades not away—
A monument in the hearts of men
To an age and a world made new,
And its shaft shall rise to the vaulted skies
In the realm of dreams come true.

For the khaki-clad boys on that monument,
Aloft in the fadeless light,
The Record Keeper retains a space
Where his moving hand shall write:
"To save from ruin a menaced world
They answered their country's call;
They did their part and they helped to win
In the last great war of all."

The Columbus Evening Dispatch. C. B. Galbreath.

BIOLOGY.

She told me to count the bones of a dead cat ;
She told me to memorize their names—
Long Latin names, unintelligible ;
She said the examination would require them.
But when she busied herself with her specimens,
I slipped noiselessly out through the door,
Down the stairs,
And outdoors.
There I found a brooklet murmuring,
And I heard a robin sing.

The Jacksonville Daily Journal.

Wayne Gard.

THE WORTHIER WAY.

I doff to the man who would "Live by the road
Where the races of men go by,"
Who is willing to lighten some traveler's load
Or to answer a human cry.

Too long have I sat in the scorner's soft seat
And hurtled the cynic's hard ban,
Yet never gave thought mid the cold or the heat
For the woes of my fellow man.

I sought not the rough road, where weary men throng,
To mix with the good and the bad,
To reach out a hand or to cheer them along,
But I stayed by the things I had.

Though often I've watched while they struggled and
toiled
From my shelter a safe way back,
My hands or my garments were never yet soiled
By the grime from a toiler's pack.

This man who would live by the roadside can smile,
For daily he covets his work.
But heedless of him, I have changed not the while,
Contented to live on and shirk.

Yes! I doff to this helper beside the way ;
He is right, I wrong, I can see,
Regardless that many are living today
Not very different from me.

Oh, it's better to turn and wreck a bad plan
Than to follow it day by day,
To add to the wrong and inherit the ban.
Thank God for The Worthier Way.

The Buffalo Express.

Millard S. Burns.

EL CAMINO REAL.

In Time's crusade, with rapid speed,
On lofty heights, o'er lowly down,
Where'er the King's great highways lead,
The cross has gone before the crown.
The padre came to blaze the trail
On scar-ribbed land and rocky shore.
Through dangers where the strongest fall,
High over all the cross he bore.

He turned to fields of ripened grain
The wild morass, the sodden soil;
He sought the Indians to train
And earn their breads by honest toil.
Upon the mount of Time I stand
And see linked in the great highway
A chain of missions through the land—
The padre's monument today.

Then came the wondrous age of gold;
The old stage coach with prancing steeds,
The rough-clad driver, fearless, bold,
Stood waiting for the travel's needs;
With brace of pistols by his side
He dared each murderous, outlaw band.
The trail became a highway wide,
With speedy convoy through the land.

I see, from off the mount of Time,
All satin smooth the highway's lead;
In summer heat or winter rime
The horseless carriages proceed—
An endless line they glide, they glide
As swiftly as the air bird flies,
On sandy beach, by mountainside,
Where mile on mile blue vistas rise.

Where giant redwoods shadow down
On nature's own cathedral aisle,
Where Shasta wears her snowy crown,
Where Tahoe's limpid waters smile,
Through starry night and sunlit day,
To north, to south the highway leads.
The padre early blazed the way—
The coachman followed with his steeds.

Once more from off the mount of Time
I see afar faint lines of light
That o'er the hilltops seem to climb
The velvet darkness of the night—
When lo! along the great highways
A myriad golden stars arise
And scintillate their transient rays
Till earth is heaven in fairest guise.

The San Francisco Journal. Amy Whittlesey Hamlin.

DECRESCENDO.

Stillness and starlight and roses,
And a kiss as we part . . .
And afterward—starlight and stillness
And the thorn of a rose in my heart . . .

And years that run bitter and barren
As wine's bitter lees,
Yet fragrant as withering rose leaves
With old memories . . .

The Arkansas Gazette.

C. T. Davis.

MISS LIZA.

Miss Liza used to sew for us
When we were little folk;
Her eyes were black, like cut-jet beads,
Her teeth clicked when she spoke.
Across her breast were rows of pins,
While dangling from a string
Of Turkey red around her waist
Her scissors used to swing.

She made us gay checked gingham frocks,
With sashes in the back,
And when we wriggled, trying on,
She's give our heads a crack
With her big thimble made of steel,
Or stick us with a pin,
And then we'd cry so loud and sharp
That mother would come in
To pat the place that hurt, or bring
A plate of ginger cakes;
Miss Liza'd raise her hands and say:
"Well, this beats all, lands' sakes!
If you ain't just the spoiltest brats!"
Then mother'd stay a while
And give us bits of dotted swiss
To make doll clothes, and smile,
And tell Miss Liza not to mind,
For children didn't know
How hard it was for grownup ones
To make their clothes, and so
Miss Liza'd sew on petticoats,
With puffs and tucks in slants,
And lace-edged ruffled muslin drawers,
Or little boys' pants.

Then after supper, by the lamp,
She'd knit and tell us how
Aunt Annie tried, when she was young,
To milk the spotted cow.
But best of all the stories was
The one when father played
At scalping Indians and the boys
Went with him on a raid
To farmer Jones's turkey flock,
Which scattered in affright
And overturned a hive of bees
That put the boys to flight.

So windy nights when fingers seem
To tap upon the pane,
I see Miss Liza knitting socks
And hear those tales again.

The Boston Transcript. Virginia Taylor McCormack.

AUTUMN BECKONS THE ICE CUTTER.

At dusk the blind dog trailed him down the ridge,
Thru waves of pine and aspen tracery,
To where he splashed blue spoke-paint on the bridge
One summer . . . and he leaned far out to see
The lowest bench mark, and if there would be
Enough gone thru the flume to fill his pond
Before the stream was down . . . and saw a tree,
Bony . . . with copper leaves, quiver beyond
The moss-pinned intake of his flume . . . a frond
Of bistrated bracken trembling in the play
Of waxen death that held the peaks in bond;
And what of him, should he, too, fade away,
Into the yellow wind . . . fade far and dim . . .
Would some one come and cut the ice for him?
The Rocky Mountain News. Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

THE MASTER'S WORKSHOP.

Just a glimpse into the workshop
Where the Master moulds the clay;
Where the cosmic force is building
And the rhythmic cycles sway—
Where the great Machine is throbbing,
That Machine which we call God;
Life is not the infant's cradle;
Death is not a cell of sod.

Life within the earth's brief cycle
Is a moment, nothing more;
Just a passing phase of living,
Then a gently opened door
Leading to a Life more vital,
Where the "reason why" is shown;
Building in the Master's workshop,
Building by a pattern known.

That which we call death is seeming;
Life alone is real and true.
Life is stronger than the mountain;
Death is lighter than the dew.
There within the Master's workshop
Those who pass are building well—
Life is Life, and Death is living,
Not a sleep in sodden cell.

The River Falls Journal.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

Spacious of hall and many chambered, wide;
A house of calm, a house of revelry;
Of organ rooms of keenest ecstasy;
Of mirrors cold on walls of selfish pride;

Of luring vistas that were best descried
From eastern clinging, lofty balcony
That gazed on cliffs, and signaled to the sea
Beyond the waters where the vessels ride.

A mocking banquet room with mirthless song,
Wailing a chord of impotent irony
For some fine rage fore'er unsatisfied;
Year after year, through evenings, through the long
Still vigil—till the tapers flickeringly
Whisper, "Smiling, at dawn's first gleam he died."
Charlotte Daily Observer. William Thornton Whitsett.

BACK FROM FRANCE.

I knew you would come back.
You told me so, the day you went away.
You held me close against the khaki coat you wore.
I heard you say,
"It hurts, dear heart, but not so bad, you know,
As if you hadn't let me go."

I let you go,
Knowing you loved me more than all the world
beside;
One summer full of happiness was all we'd had.
I was a bride,
And when you went, I smiled as bravely as I could.
I knew you would come back.
You said you would!

And you came back—
Keeping faith with me, you refused to die,
Even after the bullet tore your tender flesh.
And now you lie
Out there a little way—the man I sent.
Yet dying you smiled up at me, "I'm glad I went."
The Hill City Mining News. Mrs. Richard L. Harris.

WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR MY SOUL?

What have I done for my soul today?

Have I given a helping hand?

Have I cheered my comrade on his way?

No—I did not understand

The wistful look in his eager eye.

I nodded at him and passed him by.

What have I done for my soul today?

When I drove thru the crowded square,

I saw a woman in ragged array,

Her face grim, and toilworn with care

She was my friend in the long ago;

I turned away—the world needn't know.

What have I done for my soul today?

When a lad asked a bit of advice,

I yelled at him in a surly way,

But now I am paying the price.

My errant soul has returned to ask,

Is kindness such a stupendous task?

What do I do for my soul each day?

Do I try to understand

The common need of the common clay,

That is shaped by the master hand?

Do I dwarf my soul by a heedless deed,

Or is loyal service and love my creed?

The Detroit Free Press.

Clara Miehlm.

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<p><i>Miss Maring was born in Seattle, in 1900. She is a student at the University of Washington, and assistant at the Seattle Juvenile Court. She wrote her first poem at the age of 6, and is now recognized as the poet laureate of the State of Washington. She has been represented in each issue of this Anthology. Her home is in Seattle, Wash.</i></p>	
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<p><i>Dr. Upham was born at Eaton, Ohio, 1877. Educated at Miami, Harvard, Columbia. President University of Idaho. Author of many books on education and sciences. Home, Moscow, Idaho.</i></p>	

THE BOSTON HERALD, Boston, Mass.

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Clarissa Brooks (Mrs. C. L. Jenks) was born at Adrian, Kas., 1880. Educated at Midland College, George Washington University, and American School of Osteopathy. Interests are domestic and literary. Home, Worcester, Mass.

THE BOSTON POST, Boston, Mass.

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George Allen England born at Ft. McPherson, Neb., 1877. A. B. Harvard, 1902. Author of "Underneath the Bough," "The Story of the Appeal," "Darkness and Dawn," "The Air Trust." Writer, essayist, poet. Home, Brookline, Mass.

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Edwin Gordon Lawrence, author, born Philadelphia, Pa., 1859. Educated at Friends School, Philadelphia, and by private tutors; made many successful appearances as an actor. Author of "The Power of Speech," "The Lawrence Reader and Speaker," "Sidelights on Shakespeare," etc. Home, Athol, Mass.

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Mary Sinton Leitch was born in New York City, 1876. Educated at Smith College, Columbia University and in France and Germany. Books: Translation of "The Love Letters of Bismarck," "The Wagon and the Star." Address, Lynnhaven, Va.

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Arthur Goodenough was born at Brattleboro, Vt., 1871. He is a farmer and writer, and is the author of several books of poems. His home is in West Brattleboro, Vt.

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Martha Newland was born in Wednes, England, 1870. Housewife, song and verse writer. A number of her songs have been set to music and met with favor both in this country and in England. Home, Oakland, Cal.

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Mr. Burns was born in Buffalo, N. Y., 1854. He is president of Palburn, Inc., wholesale lumber. President Buffalo Children's Aid Society. Warden of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His poems are notable for their deep thought and religious sentiment. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Dr. Whitsett was born at Whitsett, N. C., 1866. Educated at Oakdale Academy, North Carolina College and University of North Carolina. Author and journalist. Author of "Saber and Song." Editor, "Outlook on Books," a weekly review of the literary world, in Charlotte Daily Observer. Home, Whitsett, N. C.

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Virginian Strait is the pen name of Winifred Russell. She was born in Orange County, Va. She is a member of many poetry and literary societies. Her home is University, Va.

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Mr. Heath was born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1860. Graduate Williams College 1882. Trustee Chicago Academy of Sciences, Trustee McCormack Theological Seminary. Trustee First Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Member University Club. Secretary Class of 1882, Williams College. Vice-President Michigan Society. Seed merchant 1882 to 1922. Home, Chicago, Ill.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Chicago, Ill.

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<p>Sanford Wayne Gard was born at Brocton, Ill., 1899. He is a writer of note and is interested in nature, literature and photography. He was educated at Jacksonville (Ill.) High School and Illinois College (A. B.). At present he is a member of the faculty of the Cushing High School, Rangoon, Burma. Mr. Gard's poems are widely copied in this country and many are appearing in the leading publications in India. Home, Jacksonville, Ill.</p>	
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<p>Miss Elliston was born at Mt. Sterling, Ky., Educated at Covington, (Ky.) High School. Author of "Every Day Poems." Home, Ft. Thomas, Ky.</p>	
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<p>Marie Tello Phillips (Mrs. Watson P. Phillips) is a poet, lecturer, author and art critic. She has traveled extensively, and her poems have been copied from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She has "made" many of the leading poetry publications. A member of "The Bookfellows" and other organizations devoted to literature. Her home is in Pittsburgh, Pa.</p>	
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<p>Mr. Sigmund was born at Wauveek, Iowa, 1885. He is the Vice-President Cedar Rapids Life Ins. Co. Educated at Central City, Iowa. Interests are poetry, natural history and art. His poems are meeting with a kind reception and are being widely copied. Author "Frescoes," a volume of recent poems. Home, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.</p>	
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Born 1887. Educated at Northwestern University. Housewife, mother and newspaper writer. Home, Des, Moines, Iowa.

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Mrs. Frasier is a writer and lecturer who has won success on the lecture platform as well as in the literary field. Her poems carry a spirit of hopefulness and sentiment that lifts them above the ordinary. Her lectures appeal to the higher social organizations. She is a "Bookfellow," and author of several books of poems. Her home is in Dothan, Ala.

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William P. F. Ferguson was born in Delphi, N. Y., 1861. Educated at Drew Theological Seminary. Editor. Author of many books on prohibition. Home, Franklin, Pa.

THE HEALDTON HERALD, Healdton, Okla.

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Virginia Smyth Nolen was born at Eufala, Okla., 1895. She says her vocation is "writer, wife and mother," and there could be no grander or sweeter mission in life. Her interests are Indians, and human nature, especially as seen in the oil fields. Home, Healdton, Okla.

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Mr. Kearns is a member of the faculty of the Illinois Womans College. A members of the "Bookfellows," and editor of a poetry column in a daily paper. His poems have appeared in the leading poetry journals and magazines. Home, Jacksonville, Ill.

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Mr. Saunders was born at Wamego, Kas. He is a musician and writer. Leader Department of Music in Kansas Authors' Club. Teacher of piano. Collector of literary manuscripts. Home, Wamego, Kas.

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Mrs. Edelman was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, 1887. She is a regular contributor to the Kansas City Star. Her poems are much in demand by leading papers. Some of her poems have been set to music, and one has been sung for Victrola records by Madam Homer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Velma West Sykes was born at Kinkaid, Kas. Educated Garnett, Kas. Writer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Judge Lowenstein was born in Monroe County, Tenn. Author of "Memorial Poems." He is a member of the bar, and has held many positions of honor in his profession. His poems show the judicial mind. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mr. Walker was born in Shelton, Neb. He is an architect, and is interested in art and literature. Home, Eldorado, Kas.

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Mr. Moore was born in Verona, Ohio, 1885. Supervisor of public school music and bank clerk. Interested in songs and curios. Home, Lewisburg, Ohio.

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Memphis, Tenn.The Wanderer, *Francis M. Lipp*..... 18

Mrs. Lipp was born in Webster, Kas. Educated at the University of Louisiana and Colorado College. Home, Shaw, Miss.

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THE MINING NEWS, Hill City, S. D.

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Mrs. Harris was born in Hartley, Iowa, 1888. She writes poetry and short stories. Her home is in Lodgepole, S. D.

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gomery, Ala.My Petition, *Kate Downing Ghent*..... 40

Born in Brewton, Ala. Educated by governess. Pioneer club woman. Author "Sips of Cheer." President Dothan Writers Club. Home, Dothan, Ala.

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Born in Enon, Ala. Housewife. Officer State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Author of "Renewal." Home, Ozark, Ala.

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Marjory Stoneman Douglas was born in Minneapolis, Minn., 1890. Educated at Wellesley College. Columnist and assistant editor Miami Herald. Home, Miami, Fla.

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Miss McDougal was born at Selmer, Tenn. Educated in public schools of Tennessee, Mississippi and Indian Territory. Liberty College, Kidd-Key, University of Oklahoma. She is meeting with success as a writer, and her poems and articles show a high order of ability. Her present address is New York City. Home, Sapulpa, Okla.

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Born in Chatham, Ohio.. Educated at Geneva Normal Institute. Author of a number of books of verse. Home, New York City.

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Mr. Powell was born in Reddick, England, 1877. Author and writer. Interest, the stage, walking, gymnastics. Author, "Young Ivy on Old Walls." Home, Stratford, Conn.

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THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, New York, N. Y.

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Pascal D'Angelo was born near the old walled city of Sulmona, Italy. He is, as he says, "a pick and shovel man." While working as a common laborer he has taught himself French, Spanish and English, and became a poet of more than ordinary ability. His home is in New York City.

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Prof. Smith was born at Malta, Ill., 1866. Educated at Beloit College, Fairfield College, Cotner University. A member of the faculty of Drake University. Author of text-books, serials and poems. Home, Des Moines, Iowa.

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Born at Pallet, Vt., 1886. College instructor. Author of "The Hill Trails." Home, Northfield, Vt.

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Violet McDougal was born at Selmer, Tenn. Educated in public schools, and Universities of Oklahoma, Colorado and Missouri. She has a remarkable talent for selecting unhackneyed themes for her poems. Her poems are widely quoted. Her home is in Sapulpa, Okla.

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Roselle Mercier Montgomery (Mrs. John Seymour Montgomery) was born at Washington, Ga. Educated at Mary Baldwin Seminary. Is the mother of two children. Her winter residence is in Brooklyn, N. Y. Summer residence at Riverside, Conn. Member of Authors' League, Poetry Society, League of American Pen Women, D. A. R., U. D. C., Dixie Club. Contributor of poems and articles to newspapers and magazines.

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Vilda Sauvage Owens (Mrs. R. Elliott Owens) was born in Wales. Received her early education in England, and graduated from Vassar College in 1900. Her home is in Courtland, N. Y.

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Miss Seigrist was born in Johnstown, Pa. Educated in public schools of Lebanon, Pa., Millersville State Normal and Columbia University. She is an art editor. Home, New York City.

THE NEW CANAAN ADVERTISER, New Canaan, Conn.

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Mr. Leanord was born in Jersey City, N. J., 1868. Educated at Trinity School, New York City. "Business man, hand miner, free-lance writer." Interested in Indians, fairies, art, literature and the West. Author, "The Land Where the Sunsets Go." Home, New Canaan, Conn.

THE NORFOLK VIRGINIAN-PILOT, Norfolk, Va.

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Mr. Moreland was born in Norfolk, Va., 1880. He is cashier of the City Water Department, Norfolk. Editor of the "Lyric," a magazine of verse. Author of "Red Poppies in the Wheat." Home, Norfolk, Va.

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Born at Shephardsville, Ky. Writer. Author of "Honor of Breath Feather." Home, Berkeley, Cal.	
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Mrs. Brooks is a writer of short stories and poetry. She was born in Halifax County, Va., 1881. Home, Oxford, N. C.

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Born at River Falls, Wis., 1879. Writer. Interested in arts and the out-of-doors. Author of "Hill Trails and Open Sky." Home, Alameda, Cal.

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Mr. Ferril was born in Denver, Colo., 1896. Educated in the Denver public schools and Colorado College (A. B.). Dramatic editor of the Denver Times. Home, Denver, Colo.

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Born in Williamsport, Pa., 1862. Interested in writing, floral gardening, golf and social service. Home, Longmeadow, Mass.

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The receipt of the following books by newspaper poets is acknowledged:

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SIGMUND, JAY G. *Frescoes*. Boston, Mass. B. J. Brimmer Company.

WHITSETT, WILLIAM THORNTON. *Saber and Song*. Whitsett, N. C. The Whitsett Institute.

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